

CH~~A~~S











THE CHAOS
PUBLISHED BY
SENIORS AND JUNIORS
of
RENSSELAER HIGH SCHOOL

To the men who abandoned their high school careers in order to enlist, and to the men who, at some time in the past, have been students of Rensselaer High School and who are now in the service of their country, this book is respectfully dedicated.



WADE JARRETTE

FLOYD HEMPHILL

MARQUIS PEEK

WILLIAM TILTON

RAYMOND DIXIE

JAMES BARBER

Rensselaer High School Service Flag Roll to April 3, 1918

ALUMNI

1. Barber, James
2. Babcock, Delevan
3. Beam, Don
4. Brenner, James
5. Brusnahan, Stanisla.
6. Crooks, French
7. Crooks, Dorris
8. Daniels, Guy
9. Gant, Orphia
10. Gish, Roy
11. Groom, John
12. Hammond, Herbert
13. Hamilton, Fred
14. Hanley, Emil
15. Hanley, Cope
16. Honan, Edward
17. Healey, George

18. Hardman, Frank
19. Knox, John
20. Lamson, Leon
21. Lee, Archie
22. Long, Gaylord
23. Miller, Paul
24. Moore, Ernest
25. Osborne, Omar
26. Padgett, Thomas
27. Reeve, Joseph
28. Robinson, Edwin
29. Rose, Edward
30. Ross, Bradley
31. Seegrist, Walter
32. Spitzer, Woodhull I.
33. Swain, Glenn
34. Thompson, Alfred
35. Tuteur, Herman
36. Walker, Iler

37. Warren, Russell
38. Wilcox, Laban
39. Yeoman, Devere

FORMER STUDENTS

1. Babcock, George
2. Beam, Hurley
3. Benjamin, Ross
4. Bussell, Elvyn
5. Cooper, Lloyd
6. Crowder, Guy
7. Dixie, Raymond
8. Duvall, Samuel
9. Duvall, Will
10. Elder, Floyd
11. Gorham, Frank
12. Godshall, Elmer
13. Ham, Clifford



CHAOS STAFF '18

Editor-in-Chief	Charles Halleck
Business Manager	Leland Collins
Student Activities Editor	Helen Parkinson
Athletic Editor	Paul Beam
Literary Editor	Elizabeth King
Assistant Literary Editor	Thelma Martindale
Daily Calendar	Thelma Tilton

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Superintendent



W. F. KRATLI,
Principal



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Oberlin
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Indiana
History

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Chemistry

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Indiana
Science and Mathematics

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Indiana
English

GRACE E. STOVER,
Columbia School of Music
Music and Art

SENIOR



SENIORS

Class Motto—Loyalty.

Class Colors—Black and Old Gold.

CLASS—HISTORY

Seniors, at last! How hard we have worked to attain that position. How long has been the period of our labors, and yet—how short.

Why, wasn't it just last September that we began our High School career? No, I guess it was four years ago. We were no longer eighth graders, but Freshmen, then. How long we had anticipated this first day of high school life. But when the day arrived, although we had seemingly all the courage and bravery in the world, we felt just a wee bit shaky. We were bright youngsters, however, and soon began to follow the examples set by the most worthy Seniors. We learned, by the patient instruction of Miss Mallory, that x and y are unknown quantities. And, in the "lab," what fun we had trying to raise corn in sawdust. Mr. Coe showed us how, and we certainly had an abundant harvest.

With the help of all our teachers, and our principal and friend, Mr. Sharp, we finally earned enough credits to be called Sophomores. Strange to say, we did not notice a sudden change of atmosphere as we moved a step higher on the ladder of high school learning. But we were Sophomores, nevertheless, and we didn't care or worry about anything. And we surely delighted in teasing the Freshmen. Of course, we thought it was ages ago since we were in the same position, and, besides, we never could have been as green as they.

One more term rolled by and brought to us the title of Juniors. Oh, how proud we were! Now, when our principal, Mr. Coe, said "upperclassmen," we were included. The winter came and passed

smoothly enough. When spring came, it brought with it thoughts of a large armory, beautifully decorated, with flitting figures dancing to and fro. Oh, wasn't it grand? And, to think that we Juniors had the whole management of it, too, except that Mr. Coe hung the decorations on the ceiling for us. Then it rained, think of it, rained on *that* night. But what matters? There was no sign of gloom inside. Thus passed the most important event of our Junior year.

The next year there were several new faces in our midst, all of whom we welcomed from the bottom of our hearts. We knew they would be good students and would be to our credit, and we also knew that they would make our "Chaos" look well.

And we are all Seniors, full-fledged Seniors. What does it mean? It means that we sit in the seats next to the windows, and can look at the water-tower any time we wish, without craning our necks. But more than that, it means that our aim and hope of four years has at last been attained, and we are graduating. But are we truly glad that this aim has been reached? I am afraid that deep down in our hearts each one of us has a feeling of regret because we are leaving the old school, our classmates and our teachers, and we are sad that we are through. But in a few years we will think back, and we will then be proud that we were members of the class that graduated from the Rensselaer High School in 1918.

THELMA TILTON,
Class Historian.

SENIOR AMBITIONS

Sing a song of seniors,
Of their ambitions high.
Now listen to what I've got to say
And see what they're going to try.

Jackson wants to be a farmer,
One who reaps but first must sow.
We're wishing him all sorts of luck,
For today the farmer makes all "the dough."

Thehna Mae will go away to school,
In music to specialize.
Some day she'll be a great composer
of music, that never dies.

Helen Parkinson to college wants to go,
But where it will be she does not know.
Now, if girls were admitted, there's no doubt at all
But what she'd attend St. Joe.

Thelma Tilton, a scholar wise,
A student we don't dare criticise,
Has decided to become a suffragette
And suffer more than she's suffered yet.

Elizabeth Witham, the curly-headed child,
Dreamy eyes, and not the least bit wild,
We're sure, if Leonard will coax and coax,
She'll consent to move to Fair Oaks.

Faustine West is going to college
To learn to be a school marm well.
How she'll ever make the kids behave
Is more than we can ever tell.

"Daddy, dear," said Elizabeth King,
"May I go away to school, too?"
"You may, my dear," said fond father King,
"How would the Reformatory do?"

Ira Huntington, the tall and wise,
Stately figure and feet of good size,
Will never, never give up in despair
Of becoming sole lord of the famous Mt. Ayr.

Paul and Harry, the crazy clowns,
No doubt will meet with great renown,
Although our teachers have their doubts—?
They know exactly what they're about.

Charles Halleck, our Editor-in-Chief,
One in whom we have much belief,
Has hopes and ambitions today
Of becoming President of the U. S. A.

We all will do something great.
Just wait and see what comes to pass.
But whatever comes, you must agree
That '18 is some class.

—Bernice G. Long, '18.



Bernice Long,
Class Sec., 1-2; Class Pres., 4; Sec.
A. A., 4; H. S. Play, 3; Nautical
Knot, 2; Pro. Com., 3; Finance, 3.

Harold Weiss,
Track, 3; Basketball, 4.

Dorsey Kight,
Chm. Student Council, 3; Capt.
Baseball, 3; Football, 3; Vice-Pres.
A. A., 4.

Lenore Carr,
Pres. Webster Literary Society, 4.

Thelma Tilton,
Class Hist., 2-4; Sec. Web. Lit.
Society, 3; Class Sec., 4; Chaos
Staff, 4; H. S. News Reporter, 3.

Russell Clarke,
Basketball, 4.

Paul Arnott,
Tri-Angular Debate, 3; Class
Treas., 4; Sec. Lincoln Lit. So-
ciety, 4.

Marie Weging,
A song will outlive all sermons in
the memory.

Maria Harris,
Countess of Mt. Ayr. Her ambi-
tion, Pedagogy.

Ira Huntington,
Count of Mt. Ayr. A diamond in
the rough.





Lawrence R. McLain,
Class V-P., 1; Track, 2-3; Basket-
ball, 2; Capt., 3-4; Baseball, 3.

Elizabeth King,
Operetta, 2; H. S. Play, 3; Class
Treas., 2; Fin. Com., 4; Treas. L. L.
Soc., 3; Chaos Staff, 4; Senior
Play, 4.

Charles Halleck,
Football, 3-4; Track, 2-3; Tri. De-
bate, 2-3; Ed. Chief Chaos, 4;
State Disc. Cont., 3; Capt. R. H. S.
Cadets, 4; Operetta, 2; Web. Pro.
Com., 2-4.

Alice Thomas,
Operetta, 2; Girls' Quartette, 3;
Pro. Com., 3.

Leonard Gourley,
Football, 1-2-3, Capt., 4; Track,
1-2-3; Basketball, 3; V-P. A. A., 3;
Sgt-at-Arms, 1-2-3.

Edwin Rhoades,
Comb down his hair. Look, it
stands upright.

Opal Robinson,
Senior Play, 4.

George Hoover,
Track, 3; Football, 4.

Thelma Martindale,
Girls' Quartette, 1-2-3-4; Operetta,
2; H. S. Play, 3; Chaos Staff, 4;
Cheer Leader; Senior Play, 4.

Harold Sage,
Football, 4; Track, 3; Basketball, 2.





Paul Brusnahan,
Cheer Leader, 4; Track, 3; Basket-
ball, 4.

Faustine West,
Pres. L. L. Soc., 4; Ath. Com., 4;
Pro. Com., 3-1; Basketball, 2-3;
Cap., 4; H. S. Play, 3.

Walter King,
Class Soc., 2; Mgr. of Football
Team, 4.

Elizabeth Witham,
V.P. Webster Lit. Soc., 4; Trial
of Hearts, 3; Member Ath. Com-
mittee.

Ronald Pullins,
Basketball, 3-4; Track, 3; Baseball,
3; Football, 4.

Lila Peck,
Woman Suffrage for Her Future.

Hattie Waymire,
Class Treas., 3; Lincoln Program
Committee, 4.

C. Orie Potts,
Football, 4.

Worth Johnson,
Football, 2-3.

William Wasson
Wine, Women and Song, But the
Greatest of These is Women (?).





Ray Hiff,
A stately little man with worldly
views.

Irene McAleer,
Well-dressed youths around her
shown.

Leonard Swaim,
Track, 2-3; Football, 4.

Linnie Bird Rains,
Program Committee, 4.

Jackson Freeland,
Football, 2-4.

Stuart Warren,
A ministerial career awaits him.

Mildred Rush,
To talk without effort, is, after all,
the great charm of talking.

Walter Schultz,
An orator of great promise.

Emma Benson,
Much wisdom often goes with few
words.

Jay Dee Roth,
Football, 4.





Harry McCollly,

Class Pres., 2; Football, 2-3-4,
Baseball, 3; Pic., A. A., 4; Ath-
letic Com., 1; Orchestra, 4; School
Play, 3; V.P. Class, 3; V.P. Lit.,
3; Fin., 3; Assist Football Capt., 4.

Helen Parkinson,

Class Sec., 1; V.P., 2; Tri-Ang.
Reading, 1; Pro. Com., 2; Operetta,
2; H. S. Play, 3; Sec. A. A., 3;
Orchestra, 4; Chaos Staff, Fin.
Com., 4.

Paul Beam,

Class Pres., 1-3; Treas. Web. Lit.
Soc., 2-3; Ath. Com., 1; Student
Council, 4; Ath. Ed. Chaos, 4;
V.Pres. H. S. C. of D., 4; Football,
3; Baseball, 1-3; Quartette, 1-2;
Orchestra, 3-4; Operetta, 2; H. S.
Play, 3-4.

Esther Karr,

Thy modesty is a candle to thy
merit.

Ross Moore,

Football, 2.

Marie Moore,

She is bashful, but not doomed to
spinsterhood.

Herald Littlefield,

Football, 4; Operetta, 2; H. S.
Play, 3.

Ora Kepner,

Basketball, 2-3.



JUNIOR



JUNIORS

*Class Motto—We are rowing, not drifting.
Class Colors—Royal Purple and Old Gold.*

CLASS HISTORY

"Life is a stage whereon each man must play his part."

Time—September, 1915.

Place—Rensselaer High School.

ACT ONE

Hush!—The curtain rises on a scene of high school life. The chief actors are Freshmen, and they seem to have stage fright. Their schedules are mixed and they go in the wrong recitation rooms, to be hissed and hooted at until their blushing retreat is made. Time passes.

They gain confidence: hold a meeting; elect Basil Dunlap as President; choose colors, Royal Purple and Old Gold, and their motto, "We are rowing, not drifting." They think they are big.

A call for athletics is given. Most of the actors are afraid to respond, but two Freshies are heroes and answer the summons. With swelling chests, the Freshmen turn out to see them play their first game.

Society is indulged in—but the upperclassmen raid for the eats. (That's setting a good example.)

The stage grows dark. Exams approach with all their gruesome aspects. Bluffing is like a bubble in exams. They mean cramming, hot coffee, cold towels, etc.

ACT TWO

Time—September, 1916.

Place—Rensselaer High School.

A few new actors are taking part now. Some are behind the scenes, never to appear again. Sad, but true. This year some of their greenness is rubbed off, leaving them an uncertain color.

Headed by their President, Lucille Knox, they show their importance. They come out for all kinds of athletics. They hold class meetings and give their class party in the "Gym." The days (or rather

nights) of raids are over. Two of the boys leave their high school days behind them to go to help Uncle Sam win the war. Oh, yes, those Sophs are learning.

ACT THREE

Time—September, 1917.

Place—Rensselaer High School.

Old Father Time once again turns his cycle, and we look upon another scene. Ah, there is a difference. What is it? Has the scene changed? No, it is the actors. They are aged upperclassmen now.

The year is started right, for John Dunlap is elected President. Football season is here. The girls yell hard, the boys play harder. Watch them, they are fighting for old R. H. S. But some way luck is against them.

A gloom comes over the stage. However, it is soon dispelled by the brilliant basketball season. The stage has a more cheerful aspect, for the class of '19 has been well represented in athletics.

Hush! Hear that noise? That's the high school orchestra. What is it playing for? Perhaps because one of the actors (a girl) is treading the matrimonial path. Oh, yes, those Juniors are quite susceptible to so-called high school "cases."

The play grows tiresome, and the actors become restless. A sigh escapes one. Why? School on Saturdays.

But suddenly gay, bright lights are thrown on the stage. Everyone smiles and is in a gay, happy mood, trusting to fate for as bright and happy a future as they have had in the past at old R. H. S.

SARA ALICE O'NEALL,
Class Historian.



John R. Dunlap,
Class Pres., 3; Class Treas., 2; Sgt.-
at-Arms, 1; Football, 1-2-3.

Ada Robinson,
Sec. L. L. Soc., 2; Treas. L. L. Soc.,
3; V.-P. Class, 3; Basketball, 1-2-3;
H. S. Play, 2; Student Council, 2.

Frances Folger,
Class Sec., 3.

Leland Collins,
Football, 3; Basketball, 2-3; Class
Treas., 3; Bus. Mgr. Chaos, 3;
Operetta, 1.

Kathryn Chamberlain,
For she has a tongue with a tang.



Bessie Stuart,
A good disposition is more valuable than gold.

Maude Reynolds,
Bid me discourse, I will enchant your ear.

Willard Zea,
Class Sec., 1.

Bertha Maxwell,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Pauline Gilbranson,
Man delights not me.

Jeanette Crooks,
Student Council, 3.

Forrest Merica,
Track, 2; Football, 3; Baseball, 1-2-3.
Orchestra, 3; Class Historian, 3.

Sara Alice O'Neall,
Orchestra, 3; Class Historian, 3.

Halley Phegley,
Football, 3; Basketball, 3.

Josephine Jones,
A modest blush she wears, not framed by art (?).





Sophia Hudson,
So pleasant and friendly, and yet
so shy.

Louise Dahmke,
And grace that one who saw, to
wish her say.

Lester Gorham,
The world knows nothing of her
greatest men.

Lucy Ulm,
Her future is bright and her themes
excellent.

Alice Witham,
Lincoln Program Committee, 3.

Lily Price,
Her home she'll rule with a gentle
hand.

Elsie Nelson,
Quiet and demure, yet with a
queenly grace that enchants.

Jay Collins,
The villain and he are many miles
asunder.

Irene Price,
A goodly child she was, of looks
serene.

Ivah Poole,
Those who know her best, like
her best.





Olive Ellsworth,
Her voice was ever soft, gentle
and low (?).

Esther Kruse,
Tri-Angular Debate, 3.

Delos York,
Football, 3-4.

Nora Daugherty,
Drowned in the sea of matrimony.

Ruth Murphy,
As merry as the day is long.

Edna Reed,
Vice-Pres. Class, 1; Basketball, 1.

Frank Babcock,
Football, 2-3; Track, 1; Basket-
ball, 2-3; Baseball, 2.

Lois Ham,
Class Historian, 2; Basketball, 2.

Walter Randle,
Sgt-at-Arms Lincoln Literary So-
ciety, 3.

Frances Ryan,
Operetta, 1; Student Council, 2;
H. S. Play, 2; Basketball, 1.





Lucy Mauk,

The flower of meekness grows on
a stem of grace. Lucy's is a short
stem.

Mable Nelson,

She's apt to learn, and thankful for
good turns.

Arthur Thornton,

Track, 3.

Flossie Randle,

Married. "Nuff Sed."

Mildred Jones,

Class Secretary, 2.

Everett Waymire,

A gentleman that loves to hear
himself talk.

Jennie McElfresh,

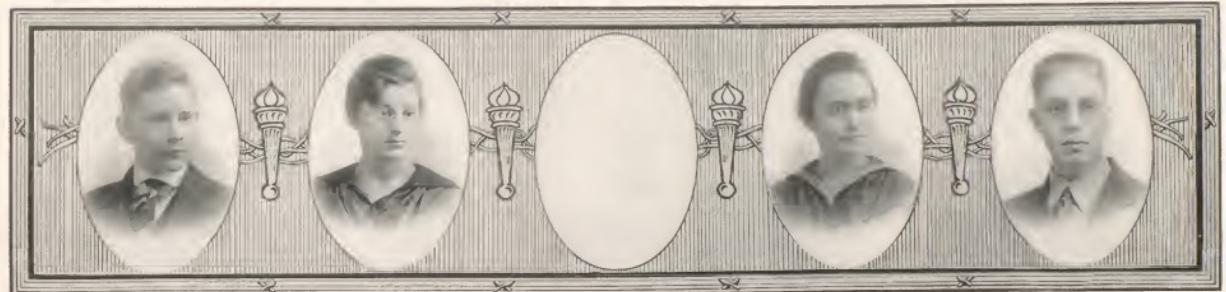
Of a pleasing look and cheerful
eye.

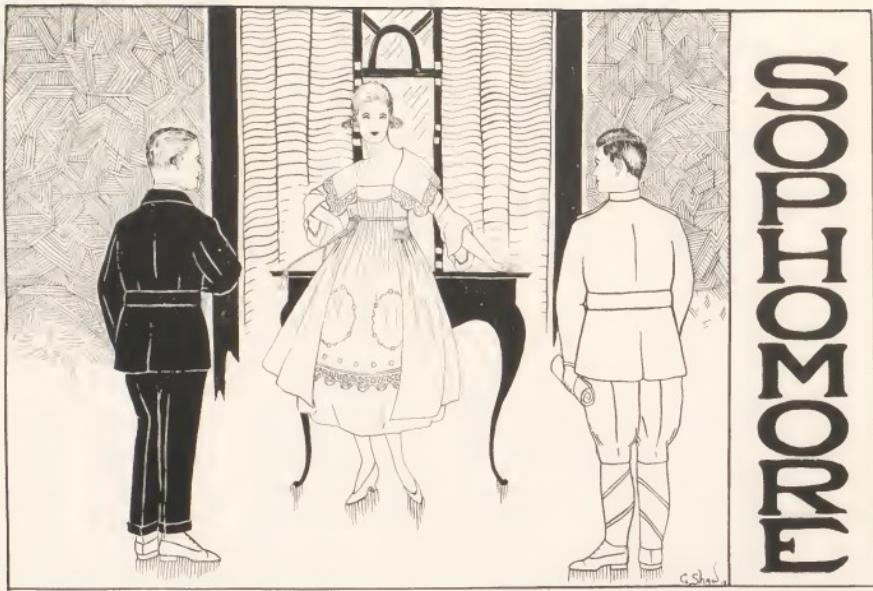
Lucille Knox,

Vice-Pres., 2; Sec. Lit. Society, 3.

Paul Schleman,

Item, one neck.





WOMEN'S



President,
LYNN PARKINSON

Vice-President,
HAROLD NOWELS

Secretary,
HELEN WARNER

Treasurer,
HAROLD HALLECK

SOPHOMORES

Class Motto—Always Ready.

Class Colors—Old Rose and White.

CLASS HISTORY

On the fourth day of September, 1916, eighty boys and girls gathered at the High School building to enter the green pathway of Freshman life. We did not enter our High School career in fear and trembling, as some classes before us have done, for we knew that our old friend, Mr. Coe, had become principal and would see us through.

Our class was so large we could not all find seats in the assembly, so an annex was formed in the adjoining room, where a few of us pursued our studies in peace and quietness.

A class meeting was held for the election of officers, Harold Nowels being enthusiastically chosen President. We selected as our colors Old Rose and White, and our motto "Always Ready."

Of course, we had a class party, which was held in the gymnasium. A very enjoyable affair it proved to be, though with the usual diversion of hair-cutting by the upperclassmen. The year passed pleasantly and profitably, giving us slight insight into the mysteries of Algebra and Latin, so improving our spelling that we were able to rival even the Seniors in orthography, and leaving with us many happy memories of our Freshman life.

How proud we were when September came again, and once more we met in the High School halls, this time as Sophomores, no longer the objects of taunts from the upperclassmen, but privileged ourselves to look with disdain upon the Freshies. The number in our class was slightly diminished, as several had dropped out and one had married.

Our leader this year was Lynn Parkinson, who has certainly discharged his duties with "pep" and ardor. We are exceedingly proud of the fact that one of our boys made the basketball team and has proven himself a star.

The remaining joys and sorrows of the class of 1920 are left for the future to reveal.

GLADYS CARR, '20.



SOPHOMORES

Theodore Amsler
Ernest Abbott
Jess Brown
Fred Christensen
Paul Collins
Lardner Crooks
Herbert Crowder
William Daugherty
Russell Fidler
Harold Halleck
John Hudson
Irving Jones

John Kershner
Raymond McKay
Ross Moore
Harold Nowels
Lynn Parkison
Floyd Platt
Lawrence Price
Milton Roth
Leonard Swartzell
Ruth Caine
Ruth Callahan
Gladys Carr

Mary Coen
Utica Crowder
Ruth Daugherty
Gladys Day
Bernice Fred
Marie Gariott
Ruby Ganyon
Vivian Halladay
Luella Harmon
Annetta Hansson
Elizabeth Hebard
Elizabeth Hemphill

Charlotte Hill
Ethel Holmes
Cecelia Kellner
Bernice Kessinger
Helen Kiplinger
Fanchon Kirk
Lucille Mackie
Elizabeth Moore
Elizabeth Morgan
Lois Penrod
Gladys Prouty
Ruth Wynegar

Bessie Price
Cecilia Putts
Sarah Pullins
Mary Sawin
Elva Simons
Alice Spangle
Helen Warner
Karine Werner
Perlin Williams

FRESHIES





President,
JOHN STOCKTON

Vice-President,
RUTH CLARK

Secretary,
GLADYS SHAW

Treasurer,
THOMAS THOMPSON

FRESHMEN

Class Motto—The End Crowns the Work.

Class Colors—Yellow and White.

CLASS HISTORY

There was a large number of we "eighth-graders," and we were looking forward with high hopes on entering High School. We intended to show ourselves right away as musicians, literary lights and athletic stars. We would certainly be a credit to the High School, when we became Freshmen.

But things turned out a little differently than we had planned. As Freshmen, we were as green as the average; perhaps more so. At any rate, we were a green that at first seemed guaranteed not to fade. But then, green signifies that there is life, and so, although we could not possibly be the genius we had imagined, we soon blossomed into rare specimens and had fully as much enthusiasm and "pep" as any class in High School.

For President, we chose John Stockton, under whose able supervision a class party was given which was thoroughly enjoyed by the class, although some of the members displayed "shorn" heads for some days after.

Now that our Freshman year is completed without any serious mistakes on our part, we are planning to turn all our efforts toward making our Sophomore year a huge success. That we can and will do this is up to our class to prove, but from the ability and enthusiasm that our class as a whole has shown this year it will be an easy task. So here's to the Sophomore class of 1921.

JACK LARSH, '21.



FRESHMEN

Basil Arnott
Lawrence Brouhard
George Collins
Orval Collins
William Grow
Lowell Hays
Byron Hemphill
Raymond Herath
Cecil Hudson
Francis Hunt
Lowell Hurley
Harvey Johns
Sidney Lahman

Jack Lash
Willard Merritt
Frank Morton
Forrest Osborne
Clifton Peterson
Lester Phegley
Orval Reed
Roland Reed
Donald Rhoads
Gordon Robinson
Carl Somers
Esther Zacher
John Stockton

John Strecker
Thomas Thompson
Owen Tullis
Clifford Wasson
Paul Whitaere
Carl Worland
Sylvia Beaver
Isabelle Beaver
Ellie Bussell
Bernice Carson
Ruth Clark
Mary Walter
Pauline Comer

Lillian Dahneke
Naomi Dunlap
Esther Dunlap
Helen Duvall
Lovie Griggs
Marie Healy
Clara Hopper
Theresa Hoover
Bertha Hurley
Alice Kanne
Catharine Kuboske
Lorene Wylie
Alice Long

Mae Lyng
Lois May
Hildred Powell
Lucille Quinn
Barbara Randle
Gladys Shaw
Almira Stockton
Alma Taylor
Julia Thornton
Lucille VanHook
Flossie Walker
Mary Jane Phillips

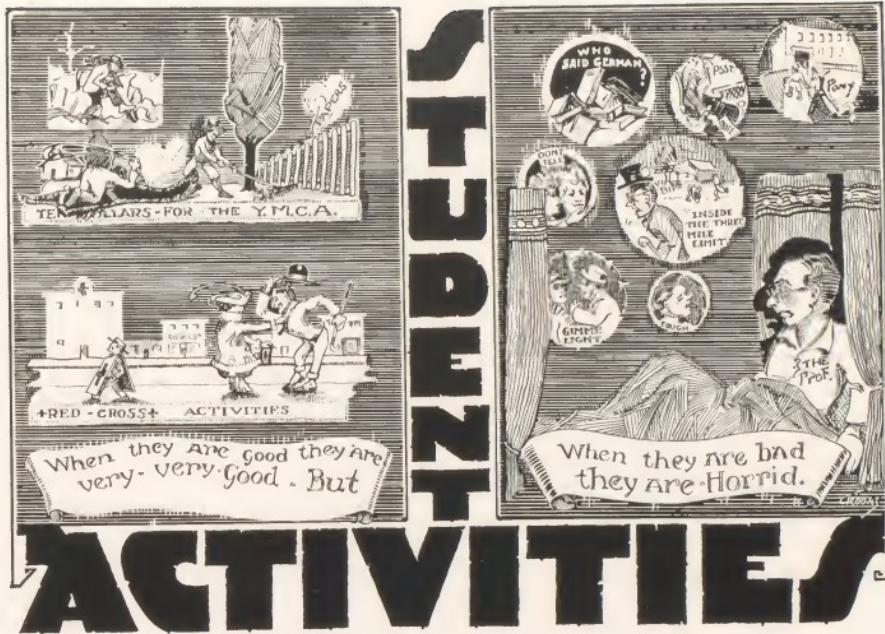
R. H. S.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the High School down in Rensselaer.
On the first of May, in 1918,
Seniors with paper and pencil were seen
Figuring credits, thirty-two,
Fearing lest they should not pull thru.

Next come the Juniors with faces serene.
They'll be the Seniors of 1919.
Already they have, to a certain degree,
That self-same "Senior dignity."
They are large in number and nice in looks,
But unfamiliar with most of their books.

Now for the Sophomores, sitting there,
With never a worry, never a care,
Light-hearted and with joyous mien,
And right next are the Freshmen green.
Of all the Seniors, they have a fear.
So much for the High School in Rensselaer.

THELMA TILTON, '18.



WEBSTER LITERARY SOCIETY

PRESIDENT	LENORE CARR
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	ELIZABETH WITHAM
SECRETARY	LUCILE KNOX
TREASURER	TOM THOMPSON
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.....	JOHN DUNLAP
PROGRAM COMMITTEE.....	CHARLES HALLECK, Chm. ALICE THOMAS LINNIE BIRD RAINS

One hundred and twenty members of the High School met in the assembly room October 5, 1917, for the purpose of reorganizing the Webster Literary Society. The officers were elected and a program committee appointed.

The first program of the year was given November 29, 1917, in the assembly room. This was a joint program given by the members of the two societies of the High School, the Websters and Lincolns. After the business was completed, a very interesting autumn program was given, consisting of essays, music and recitations. As there was no critic appointed, the meeting then adjourned.

The next entertainment, "Dickens' Xmas Carol," was given December 20, 1917, in the assembly room. The well-chosen cast executed their

parts admirably and with great credit to themselves. The tableaus were especially pleasing. The play was given before a large, appreciative audience composed of the grades, High School pupils and patrons of the school.

The program committees have planned to give two programs. The first, a celebration of Lincoln's birthday February 12, 1918, consisting of essays, recitations on the life of Lincoln and patriotic music, both vocal and instrumental. The second, on Saint Patrick's Day, March 17, 1918, is to be a "Green Program," given, of course, by the Freshmen.

A lively interest has been shown by the students this year in the literary work.



WEBSTER LITERARY SOCIETY

Theodore Amsler
 Paul Beam
 Emma Benson
 Isabella Bever
 Curtis Brown
 Jess Brown
 Edwin Brusnahan
 Ella Bussell
 Ruth Callahan
 Gladys Carr
 Lenore Carr
 Bernice Carson
 George Collins
 Jay Collins
 Leland Collins
 Paul Collins
 Pauline Comer
 Lardner Crooks
 Herbert Crowder
 Lillian Dahmcke
 Louise Dahmcke
 Nora Daugherty
 Ruth Daugherty
 William Daugherty

Gladys Day
 John Dunlap
 Helen Duval
 Olive Ellsworth
 Miriam Fendig
 Russell Fidler
 Frances Folger
 Claremont Fred
 Pauline Gilbranson
 William Grow
 Ruby Guyon
 Charles Halleck
 Harold Halleck
 Lois Ham
 Annetta Hansson
 Maria Harris
 Lowell Hays
 Marie Healy
 Byron Hemphill
 Charlotte Hill
 Valerie Hill
 Ethel Holmes
 Clara Hopper
 Ira Huntington

Bertha Hurley
 Lowell Hurley
 Grace Johnson
 Alice Kanne
 Esther Karr
 Cecilia Kellner
 Ora Kepner
 Helen Kiplinger
 Lucille Knox
 Sidney Lahman
 Alice Lang
 Jack Lash
 Bernice Long
 Marie Lyngé
 Clarence Mackey
 Lucille Mackie
 Bertha Maxwell
 Lois May
 Raymond McKay
 Willard Merritt
 Marie Moore
 Elizabeth Morgan
 Frank Morton
 Elsie Nelson

Sara Alice O'Neill
 Lois Penrod
 Clifton Peterson
 Halley Phegley
 Lester Phegley
 Orie Potts
 Sarah Pullins
 Cecilia Putts
 Lewis Quinn
 Linnie Bird Rains
 Barbara Randle
 Edna Reed
 Orval Reed
 Maudie Reynolds
 Edwin Rhoads
 Donald Rhoads
 Gordon Robinson
 Opal Robinson
 Milton Roth
 Mildred Rush
 Frances Ryan
 Robert Sayers
 Paul Schleman
 Almira Stockton

John Stockton
 John Strecker
 Jessie Stuart
 Alma Taylor
 Alice Thomas
 Thomas Thompson
 Arthur Thornton
 Clyde Tilton
 Thelma Tilton
 Owen Tullis
 Lucy Ulm
 Lucille Van Hook
 Margaret Walter
 Mary Walter
 Everett Waymire
 Karine Werner
 Paul Whitaere
 Perlin Williams
 Elizabeth Witham
 Carl Worland
 Esther Zacher
 Mary Jane Phillips
 Orren Gourley
 Russell Bell
 Betty Royster

LINCOLN LITERARY SOCIETY

PRESIDENT	FAUSTINE WEST
VICE-PRESIDENT	HERALD LITTLEFIELD
SECRETARY	PAUL ARNOTT
TREASURER	ADA ROBINSON
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.....	WALTER RANDLE
PROGRAM COMMITTEE.....	HATTLE WAYMIRE ALICE WITHAM FAUSTINE WEST

The members of the Lincoln Literary Society held their first meeting on December 24, 1911. The officers of the society were elected and committees chosen. Since the first program given by this society, each one has proven beneficial and entertaining to the students. Besides being entertaining it is teaching the students better stage presence and also giving them a chance to exercise any talent they may possess.

On November 27, 1917, the Lincoln Literary members met in the assembly of the high school for the purpose of electing officers for the following year. In the year of 1911, there were fifty-four high school students comprising the Lincoln Literary Society, while this year one hundred and fifteen members belong to this society, showing the growth and development of the high school.

A joint meeting of the Lincoln and Webster Societies was held on November 29th, in the high school auditorium, with the President of

the Webster Society presiding. The program was opened by a vocal solo, which was rendered with much talent. This was followed by a reading, which was entertaining. The meeting was closed by a solo.

On December 19th a very interesting play was given, with much success, "A Christmas Carol," written by Dickens. Each participator proved himself capable of the part each was assigned. Programs were given during the year, the next being given on February 12th. The course of Lincoln was carried throughout the entire program. The program was opened by Lincoln's Gettysburg address, which never is monotonous. The anecdotes of Lincoln were enjoyed by all. The next program given, one would readily know that spring had arrived, especially by the spirit in which the Freshmen participated.

Owing to the dissatisfaction of holding an inter-society contest, the students voted there should be no inter-society contest in reading, vocal and instrumental music, essay and debate.



LINCOLN LITERARY SOCIETY

Ernest Abbott
Basil Arnott
Paul Arnott
Frank Babcock
Sylvia Beaver
Hazel Brouhard
Lawrence Brouhard
Ruth Caine
Kathryn Chamberlain
Fred Christensen
Russell Clark
Ruth Clarke
Mary Coen
Orval Collins
Jeanette Crooks
Utica Crowder
George Daugherty
Helen Dunlap
Esther Dunlap
Naomi Dunlap
Bernice Fred
Jack Freeland
Marie Garrett

Lester Gorham
Leonard Gourley
Lovie Griggs
Vivian Halladay
Luella Harmon
Ivah Healey
Elizabeth Hebard
Elizabeth Hemphill
Raymond Herath
George Hoover
Theresa Hoover
Cecil Hudson
John Hudson
Sophia Hudson
Francis Hunt
Ray Huff
Harvey Johns
Worth Johnson
Irving Jones
Josephine Jones
Mildred Jones
John Kershner
Bernice Kessinger

Dorsey Kight
Elizabeth King
Walter King
Inez Kiplinger
Fanchon Kirk
Esther Kruse
Catharine Kuboske
Herald Littlefield
Thelma Martindale
Lucy Mauk
Irene McAleer
Harry McColly
Jennie McElfresh
Ruth McKinzie
Lawrence McLain
Forrest Merica
Leona Messman
Elizabeth Moore
Ross Moore
Ruth Murphy
Mabel Nelson
Harold Nowels
Forrest Osborne

Helen Parkinson
Lynn Parkinson
Lila Peek
Hildred Pefley
Floyd Platt
Ivah Poole
Hildred Powell
Bessie Price
Irene Price
Lawrence Price
Lily Price
Gladys Prouty
Ronald Pullins
Flossie Randle
Walter Randle
Roland Reed
Ada Robinson
Jay Roth
Frances Ryan
Harold Sage
Mary Sawin
Walter Schultz
Gladys Shaw

Elva Simons
Carl Somers
Anna Spangle
Leonard Swaim
Leonard Swartzell
Mildred Thornton
Flossie Walker
Helen Warner
Stuart Warren
Clifford Wasson
William Was-on
Hattie Waymire
Marie Waging
Harold Weiss
Faustine West
Alice Witham
Lorene Wylie
Ruth Wynegar
Thelma Wynegar
Delos York
Willard Zea

R. H. S. COUNCIL OF DEFENSE R. H. S.

In order that the Rensselaer High School may serve its country most effectively, we, the students and teachers, have organized ourselves under the Rensselaer High School Council of Defense. The high schools of our country have much available latent power which, if directed, can serve in a great degree in helping to win the war. The youth of our land are loyal and anxious to do all they can to make the world a safe and desirable place in which to live.

The Rensselaer Council of Defense is a part of the Indiana High School Patriotic Service League. Its activity is voluntary and lies in the initiative of its members. Power in organization has been shown. Red-Cross work has become more active. The boys who are eligible have been enrolled in the United States Boys' Working Reserve. Special Patriotic meetings are being prepared. Means of raising funds for war service are being devised. The students are learning that they are a part of their government and that, in order to have the best government, they, as individuals, must do their utmost.

The Council gives the students an opportunity to place an estimate upon his classmate, to measure himself with others. It raises the question, "Wherein have I failed to do my whole duty?" It makes him say to himself, "I shall serve my country with all my strength, and serve it now."

The officers of the Council are: President, W. F. Krath; Vice-President, Paul Beam; Treasurer, Hattie Waymire; Secretary, Elizabeth Witham.

The following committees were appointed:

Finance—Bernice Long, Elizabeth Witham, Leonard Gourley, Walter Randle, Harold Nowels, C. R. Dean.

Program—Thelma Martindale, Harry McColly, John Strecker, Lenore Carr, Helen Warner, Grace M. Norris.

Employment—Charles Halleck, Ira Huntington, Bernice Carson, Thelma Tilton, Lois Ham, Harriett E. Shedd.

R. H. S. CADETS R. H. S.

Military training was introduced in Rensselaer High School this year, not as a part of the compulsory work, but rather as a part of the elective work. In order to ascertain whether or not public sentiment was in favor of such training, a meeting of students, faculty, patrons and Board of Education was held in the high school. After considerable discussion, all of which was in favor of military training, it was decided that this new work should be adopted. Although military training is new in R. H. S., it has been thoroughly tried in many schools of the country and has proven itself to be highly beneficial. In all of these schools, the number of Freshmen who enrolled and the number of Seniors who graduated was made nearly equal. Tardy and absence excuses were cut down and the physical condition of the boys was bettered.

It was a very fortunate thing for the school that the services of an efficient drillmaster were available. Mr. J. M. Sauser, the drillmaster of the local company of Liberty Guards, offered his services and consented to instruct the high school company for as great a length of time as the Board of Education might see fit to devote to this work.

After a year's trial, military training in Rensselaer High School has passed the experimental stage and has proven itself a success. It is almost certain that this work will be continued in this high school as long as the war lasts and will probably be continued after this time

unless the dream of international disarmament should become a reality. However, if this should come to pass, elementary military training should be retained, if for nothing more than the physical benefit which the boys would derive from such work.

The opponents of military training in the schools advance the argument that such training destroys a boy's initiative ability because of the spirit of obedience which is instilled in a boy at the time of his mental development. Nevertheless, this has not proved to be the case in the schools where military training has been given for many years. Military training does, indeed, teach a boy to co-operate with his fellow-students and to obey the commands of his superiors, but at the same time it develops his self-reliance, power of concentration and the power to think and act quickly.

It is not to be supposed that the boys of the R. H. S. Cadets, with only one year's training, reached a state of efficiency which would enable them to go into the trenches without further training. Nevertheless, it is reasonable to assume that they will have a great advantage over the man who has had no training whatever in the event of their being called into the army. The first year's drill gave them a fairly good knowledge of close order drill; that is, squad movements, facings and marching. After noting the progress made in one year's drill, it is safe to say that the boys who are now Freshmen will be fairly efficient soldiers after they have finished their four years' work.

OFFICERS

Captain	Charles Halleck
First Lieutenant.....	Lawrence McLain
Second Lieutenant.....	Harold Halleck
Corporals—Orie Potts, Ray Hiiff, Jay Collins, Walter Randle, Sidney	
Lahman, Ronald Pullins, Harold Sage, Paul Collins, Paul Schleman	

R. H. S. RED CROSS R. H. S.

At a time when each should be doing his or her best for humanity and Uncle Sam, we, the High School, found we were individually doing only our "bit," which was not our best.

The Y. M. C. A. and Boys' Working Reserve of the Council of Defense, gave the boys opportunity to show their patriotism. The girls, in as much as they were allies in interest, were patriots, but they lacked material expression for their patriotism.

An appreciation of their position prompted the girls, early in February, to organize themselves into the High School Red Cross Auxiliary of the Jasper County Red Cross unit. In order that effective work might be immediately begun, officers were elected.

As we had no available material or instructors for the work, surgical dressing and bandage making was abandoned. The organization then resolved into a knitting class. A survey disclosed the facts that a few of the girls were already engaged in Red Cross knitting, a number

of others knew how to knit but were not doing Red Cross work, and a great many knew nothing at all about it.

Tuesday night of each week was decided upon as the night for meeting and working as an organization. Also a part of the hour each Friday used by the boys for military drill and by the girls in general calisthenics was devoted to knitting. The first Tuesday night a number were taught the first steps of knitting. By the next week many more had learned, and now all, almost to a girl, can knit with "the best of them."

As the call from Red Cross headquarters has been for socks and sweaters, we have bent our energies toward making those garments.

With such an organization well established, we hope to maintain enthusiasm and effective work through the summer to the beginning of the new school year.

HARRIETT E. SHEDD.

ATHLETICS



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS

President	Harry McColly
Vice-President	Dorsey Kight
Secretary	Bernice Long
Treasurer	G. H. Clevenger
Finance Committee.....	Elizabeth King, Helen Parkinson
Athletic Committee—	Elizabeth Witham, Faustine West, Frances Ryan, Lawrence McLain.

The Rensselaer High School Athletic Association has for its object the encouragement and support of the highest form of pure amateur athletics in our high school. Any person who is a student of the high school or a member of the faculty may become a member of this association for one semester upon payment of the dues for that semester. All members are admitted to games for fifteen cents, while the regular admission is twenty-five cents. The dues are required in order that

the association may have money with which to start the season. The finances of all athletic games are in charge of the association.

The Athletic Association exists for the good of the school as a whole, and not for any one person. It affords a means by which students of R. H. S. may show their loyalty and enthusiasm in supporting athletics if they are unable to participate in this very important phase of our school life.

R. H. S. FOOTBALL—1917

Regular practice for football began September 10th, with an unusually large squad reporting to Captain Gourley. Coach Meyers immediately commenced putting the men through rigid training and stiff practice. The schedule was exceptionally hard for a high school team, nine games being scheduled to play, but the squad, composed of a number of vets and some promising new material went at their task with the determination to win.

But fate destined that our wonderful prospects should not continue. Just when our team showed promise of being a contender for the championship, Coach Meyers found it necessary, owing to his business, to be away a great share of the time. This condition was partly overcome by other help given us by ex-coach Parker. However, this was not to be the end of our troubles. Three or four of the experienced men of the squad were forced to quit owing to various reasons, leaving new gaps to fill. Even this did not alter the grim determination of the team to uphold the old football tradition of R. H. S.

Do not judge the merits of the team, gentle readers, by the scores of some of the games. If there was a break in luck, it went to the other team. Fate certainly played his part well against our team. At the very beginning of the second game, Dunlap, our star right end, had his leg broken, which disabled him for the remainder of the year.

This proved to be a great setback, but the team was shifted until it once more formed a formidable lineup. This was hardly accomplished until Kight, our whirlwind halfback, was forced to discontinue football. Then Swain, who was fast developing into a wonderful halfback, came out of the Kentland game with a broken collar bone. Are not such conditions enough to take the heart and "pep" completely out of any team? And here is where we must take off our hats to the fellows who, notwithstanding such disastrous setbacks, kept bravely at the task of accomplishing their purpose, never faltering nor complaining, and finishing the season with a very creditable showing.

Much credit must be given Coach Meyers and Captain Gourley for their never ceasing job of shifting the team around, and developing new men to fill the places left by those who were forced to quit.

RENSSELAER 0—KENTLAND 0

Kentland, who had been our foe for the opening game for the past two years, was again scheduled. Reports had come to us previous to the game that Kentland was after our scalps, and had developed a team capable of taking them. Both teams played a wonderful defensive game, but both lacked the stamina to cross the other's goal. The game ended, Rensselaer having the upper hand. This game gave Coach Meyers an opportunity to test his men and rearrange them.

RENSSELAER 7—KIRKLIN 13

This is where our trouble begins. Dunlap received his injury on the first down after the kick-off at Kirklin. There is no doubt but that we would easily have won this game had it not been for this accident. Captain Gourley and his men made a game scrap under adverse conditions.

RENSSELAER 0—MOROCCO 0

Morocco, our old-time enemy in football, came to Rensselaer with a large delegation of rooters. They were confident of taking home the bacon, as they had beaten Kentland earlier in the year, but both teams battled to a nothing to nothing score. First Morocco would begin a march down the field, only to finally lose the ball. Then the red and black would get their steam roller to working, but both teams had such a powerful defense that they were unable to penetrate far enough to carry the ball across. Rensselaer was playing Morocco off their feet, however, at the end of the game. The ball was on Morocco's one-yard line, by a clever pass to Halleck.

RENSSELAER 2—SHERIDAN 0

Sheridan was our next foe. The red and black went into that game with blood in their eyes, for Sheridan had blanked us the year before, she being one of the only two teams that defeated us in '16. This, like all the previous games, was marked by wonderful defensive football. Captain Gourley time and again smashed the Sheridan line for large gains, but when forced to the limit, Sheridan's line proved to be a veritable stone wall. The game was won, however, on a safety scored in the second quarter.

RENSSELAER 6—LOGANSPORT 12

Luck seemed to be a big factor in Logansport's victory over Rensselaer. Man for man, and team for team, Logansport was easily outclassed, but Rensselaer lacked the punch and "pep." They failed to display their usual defensive game, also. Costly mistakes helped, also, in our defeat.

RENSSELAER 6—HAMMOND 14

Hammond, our old-time rivals, came to Rensselaer determined to keep up their good record of the past few years against us, and Rensselaer was as equally determined that they should not. The red and black, though fighting like demons, were outplayed the first half, but when the whistle blew for the second half, there was a set look of grim determination on every face. Old R. H. S. came back a whirlwind and played Hammond off their feet, but the lead that they had piled up could not be overcome. Captain Gourley played the greatest game of his career, against his opposing tackle, who was the other all-state tackle for the year before.

RENSSELAER 7—KENTLAND 12

This game was played on Stuart Field, at Purdue, as a curtain raiser for the Purdue-Wabash game. Kentland had made a remarkable record for the year and was confident of overwhelming Rensselaer. Kentland succeeded in making the first touchdown, and Kentland rooters were heard to yell "Let's make a hundred." Before the game was over, they were shouting and begging for a victory. Rensselaer outplayed Kentland up until the last few minutes of play, when O'Neil, Kentland's speedy little quarterback, got away for a touchdown.

RENSSELAER 29—WATSEKA 0

Rensselaer journeyed to Watseka, next, where they found some easy picking. Only twenty-nine points were made, but fifty could have been made just as easily. Captain Gourley was easily the star of the game. When he smashed the line, Watseka seemed to get out of his way rather than try to stop him. Sage and Collins also played great football.

RENSSELAER 0—SOUTH BEND 16

R. H. S. met one of the strongest and heaviest teams in the state on Turkey Day. But the size of South Bend didn't make one particle of difference to Rensselaer. The game was a battle royal from start to finish. R. H. S. was fighting to uphold the old tradition of our past Thanksgiving games. Rensselaer had never been defeated for years on Thanksgiving day, but South Bend had a powerful and well-organized machine, against which our much smaller team could not hold up. Not a man quit fighting until the final whistle had blown.



GOURLEY

LEONARD GOURLEY
"Peeler"

Captain and all-state center and tackle for four years. Has been the backbone of the team for four years. When first down was needed, "Peeler" was always called back to make it. His presence will be sorely missed next year.

LAWRENCE McLAIN
"Mac"

"Mac" proved to be a faithful follower of the squad, sticking around until six o'clock every night to take the kinks out of the warriors.



McLAIN



McCOLLY

HARRY McCOLLY
"Shike"

Assistant captain; quarterback. A wiry little player with a good head. Whenever a touchdown was made, the score was always "boosted" seven points more by the spectator before the goal kick was made, so sure were they that "Shike" would "boot" her between the posts. Third and last year on the team.

RONALD PULLIN
"Rodney"

Our old plow horse. Played a hard, smashing game at fullback. Rodney also booted the pigskin on the kickoff. First and last year on team.



PULLIN



SAGE

DUNLAP

MEYERS

KING

POTTS

COLLINS

HAROLD SAGE
"Sagey"

Played a wonderful game at left tackle, for a first year man. Made a great running mate for Captain Gourley. Tough luck we can't have "Sage" back next year.

JOHN DUNLAP
"Dunny"

Another "vet," as this is his third year on the squad. Had tough luck this year, by having his leg broken in the Kirklin game, and was unable to play any of the remaining games at right end. Hard and sure tackler, also "nabs" those forward passes.

WALTER KING
"Walt"

A great deal of credit must be given "Walt," our manager. When a call for volunteers to go out and clean the field and line it off in preparation for a game was given, generally the result was that "Walt" did it.

FLOYD MEYERS
"Peedie"

"Peedie" has been our coach for the past two years. He was not able to devote as much time this year as he would have liked; then, too, "Peedie" was constantly in tough luck owing to the constant changing of the team. But we all know "Peedie's" ability as a coach from the way he put R. H. S. back on the map last year.

ORIE POTTS
"Scrubby"

Left guard. First and last year on team. "Scrubby," with his weight, was a great help in making the line a hard one to penetrate. Played a hard, consistent game the entire year.

LELAND COLLINS
"Effie"

Left end. Also capable of playing half back. Played a smashing game. Did the punting. Big factor in making the season a success via the aerial route. First year on team.



PARKINSON

HOOVER

MERICA

FREELAND

YORK

SWAIM

LYNN PARKINSON
"Swede"

A little light this year, but will be an excellent field general for the next two years. "Swede" showed lots of class and scrap in every game he was in.

GEORGE HOOVER
"Doc"

"Doc" certainly proved his loyalty by coming out night after night for practice, when his chances of playing were so little. "Doc" was entirely too light, but he overcame a lot of that disadvantage by the scrappiness that he possessed.

FORREST MERICA
"Pod"

A very valuable utility forward. Played all three forward positions efficiently. Will be a big help in building up a team for next year. This was his first year on the squad.

JACK FREELAND
"John"

Jack served as utility lineman, being able to fill in at center, guard or tackle. Jack wasn't given much of a chance to show what he had, but he always took advantage of the chances that were given him. Second and last year.

DELOS YORK
"Squee"

Halfback. "Squee" was our example of perfect condition. Nevertheless, he could always be depended on to fight till he dropped. He played a wonderful defensive game the entire year. Little "Squee's" "pep" will be missed next year, as this is his second and last year.

LEONARD SWAIM
"Swim"

Swaim, like Dunlap, was a victim of tough luck. Swaim was also a first year man playing halfback, and was fast developing into a wonderful open-field runner, when his collar bone was broken in the second Kentland game. Last year on team.



ROTH

H. HALLECK

C. HALLECK

PHEGLEY

LITTLEFIELD

BABCOCK

JAY DEE ROTH
"Jay"

"Jay" got a late start, but he played with scrap and determination and the result was that he made a name for himself in the Watseka game. First and last year on the team.

HAROLD HALLECK
"Raleigh"

"Raleigh" has two more years before him and big things are expected of him. A little light to get much of a chance this year. Can play any of the forward positions.

CHARLES HALLECK
"Doc"

"Doc" originally played a guard position, but owing to the loss of several men, "Doc" showed his ability as a utility man by playing end for a while in fine style, and finally he was shifted to halfback. Second and last year.

HALLEY PHEGLEY
"Pheg"

The fact that "Pheg" held down a halfback position the entire year when he had never seen football played before, gives us sufficient reason to know that he was there with the goods. Has one more year to play.

HERALD LITTLEFIELD
"Little"

Center. First and last year on team. Played a scrappy game the entire year at the pivotal position, which is one of the hardest positions on the team to fill.

FRANK BABCOCK
"Bab"

Right guard. Always in the game and scrapping from the blow of the whistle till the finish of the game. Second year on team. "Bab" can be depended on to do big things next year.

BASKET BALL 1917-'18

Coach Meyers had practically a whole team of old men, and a number of new men who showed great promise, with which to form a quintet this year. Our team came through in fine style, scoring three hundred sixty points, against two hundred one, made by her opponents. The squad was determined to put old R. H. S. back on the map in Indiana athletics, and they accomplished their purpose. Captain McLain, Phegley and Babcock, guards; Pullins, center; Lee and Paul Collins, forwards; composed the regular squad. Rensselaer never had a team that could handle the ball and pass it as well as this team. They always played an offensive game, scarcely ever being forced to play a defensive game. Nine games were won, and only three lost, which is a mighty good record. Much credit must be given Captain McLain, who played an airtight game at back guard. The entire team, even subs, were faithful at practice, scarcely ever missing, and there never was a night that there wasn't enough for two teams out to practice. We sent our team to the district tournament held at Hammond, but they were defeated in the first game by the strong Crown Point quintet, 30 to 25.

RENSSELAER 24—BROOK 6

The first game of the season was played with Brook, who proved to be easy for our fast little quintet. The Collins brothers rolled them in from every angle. Winning this first game greatly encouraged our team for the terrific battle that was staring them in the face, the alumni game.

RENSSELAER 56—ALUMNI 11

A few of the has-beens around the village got their heads together and plotted to give this fast little high school team of ours a terrible drubbing. They even went so far as to make wagers on the game. They came down to the gymnasium and practiced in their spare moments, and were, in their own eyes, capable of making those "kids" down at school look "sick." Well, the night of the game came, and those poor "prunes" dashed proudly out of the dressing room full of the spirit of victory. They laughed with scorn at our team. The whistle blew for the game. They lined up, confident that they would sew the game up in the first few minutes of play. They went like a flash for a few small minutes. All at once the whistle blew for time. One "Hump Blue" was over in a corner all by himself, gasping for breath. One by one, the team gave out, until before the game was over, the "Pallas Five" were trying to induce some of the spectators to get into suits and finish the game for them. But they managed to stay on their pins through the remainder of the farce, which ended with the score 56 to 11. The team immediately disbanded, and not another word was said about basketball. For several days after, in order to find any member of that wonderful team, one would have to search behind all the stoves in every store.

RENSSELAER 30—REYNOLDS 16

Rensselaer journeyed to Reynolds the day of the terrible snow storm. R. H. S. easily defeated the local team, but that wasn't the most exciting part. They found, to their consternation, that they were marooned in Reynolds. No trains were running, nor would they run for a couple of days. They stayed until their money was exhausted, camping around in the depot. Finally, they came home any way they could get home. Captain McLain and Mr. Clevenger "hoofed" it from Reynolds to Monon, and caught a work train on home. They were all mighty glad to walk back to old Rensselaer.

RENSSELAER 24—CHALMERS 23

This was one of the best exhibitions ever played in the local gymnasium. Both teams played great basket ball, but Rensselaer, through her superior passing, came out victorious.

RENSSELAER 11—LOWELL 13

R. H. S. received her first "drubbing" at the hands of the Lowell quintet. Rensselaer was just off form that night, however, for Lowell's team wasn't in a class with Chalmers, whom we had previously defeated. Lowell played a good, clean, "snappy" game, however. No kick coming.

RENSSELAER 16—WEST LAFAYETTE 26

Our second defeat came immediately after the Lowell game. The downstaters had a great team, though, and we won't kick on that defeat one bit.

RENSSELAER 35—FAIR OAKS 9

A practice game was arranged with Fair Oaks, in which the subs

played most of the game. They played like "vets," though, winning by a big margin.

RENSSELAER 47— FRANCESVILLE 20

Francesville proved no match for our fast team, who had once more gained their stride. They took Francesville's hide without exerting themselves.

RENSSELAER 17—LOWELL 15

Rensselaer proved to us all that they were just off form when they played Lowell before, by going up to Lowell and avenging themselves for the defeat they received at the hands of Lowell earlier in the year. They didn't win in a walk, however, for they were forced to the limit in order to win.

RENSSELAER 55—REYNOLDS 12

Reynolds was overwhelmingly defeated by our team, which was just now in a pace-making stride. Reynolds didn't have a show in the world. They were outplayed all the way.

RENSSELAER 24—KENTLAND 20

Kentland, after defeating us at football, was bent on rubbing it in by taking our scalps on the basketball floor, but Rensselaer wasn't worried for a minute as to the outcome. We won the game by a comfortable score.

Thus ended one of the most successful basket ball seasons R. H. S. has ever known, and this little team of 17-'18 will go down in the basket ball annals as one of the best basket ball teams in the history of R. H. S.





MC LAIN

L. COLLINS

PHEGLEY

BABCOCK

PULLINS

P. COLLINS

LAWRENCE MC LAIN
"Mac"

Captain and back guard. An air-tight guard. Also has those long passes down. This is "Mac's" third and last year on the team. It will take a mighty good back guard to fill "Mac's" shoes.

LELAND COLLINS
"Effie"

The old reliable of the squad. When the red and black is behind, you can see "Lee" all over the floor, working his head off. Is an adept at shooting and passing. Scored a big share of our points this year. Has played two years and has one more to play.

RONALD PULLINS
"Rodney"

Rodney was invaluable because of his ability to get the tip-off on the jump. Also is a "bear" on long shots, shooting them in from every angle. This is "Rod's" second and last year.

HALLEY PHEGLEY
"Pheg"

"Pheg" is our lightning little utility man. Can play anywhere and everywhere. Plays any position like an old-timer. Made a name for himself in the Chalmers game. "Pheg" has another year to play.

FRANK BABCOCK
"Bab"

Floor guard. Plays a heady game and, like the rest of the team, can handle the ball cleverly. When "Bab" hits one of his opponents, they remember it for some time. Second year on team. One year more to play.

PAUL COLLINS
"Puss"

"Puss," with the aid of his brother "Lee," put on some of the most wonderful passing and shooting that this high school has ever known. When "Puss" shoots, they might as well blow the whistle. Second year on team and has two more years before him.



GOURLEY

J. COLLINS

RANDLE

PARKINSON

WEISS

BRUSNAHAN

ORREN GOURLEY
"Red"

Entered school a little late, but he certainly made good. He was placed at a disadvantage, too, by playing the same position that Captain McLain played, but certainly is the logical man to take "Mac's" place next year.

JAY COLLINS
"Skinny"

Entirely too light for the regular team, but when given a chance, displayed some wonderful speed. He played all over the floor and had a good eye for the basket. Has another year in which to make good.

HAROLD WEISS
"Zeke"

"Zeke" worked hard all year, but wasn't given much of a chance until the latter part of the season. When they did let him in, he showed them he had the stuff. Played at center. First and last year on the team.

WALTER RANDLE
"Fat"

"Fat" told the editor, on the side, that he didn't hope to make anything by coming out for basket ball, but that he just wanted to get rid of a little of his surplus weight. Well, he accomplished that, but on the other hand, he made good at basket ball. Played back guard. Has yet another year.

LINN PARKINSON
"Swede"

A little light to break into the regular lineup, but when he did get in, he showed real class. Our guess is that "Swede" will be a whirlwind the next two years. Played forward. Had an eagle eye for the basket.

EDWIN BRUSNAHAN
"Brussy"

A Senior, who knew that his chances of becoming a regular were few, but who was faithful the whole year, hardly ever missing a practice, and he received his reward by being one of the letter men.

BASE BALL 1918

Immediately after the basket ball season, a baseball team was organized. Dorsey Kight was elected captain, and practice began that same evening. Coach Meyers consented to give us his time with the baseball squad, and bids fair to develop a good team. Five games were scheduled, two with Wolcott, two with Delphi, and one with the St. Joseph's Juniors. Other games were to be scheduled, probably with West Lafayette, Remington and Chalmers. A good squad is reporting regularly for practice, and the most of the games will very likely be won. The team lines up as follows:

McColly	Second Base
Phegley	Right Field
Kight	Short Stop
Dunlap	Catch
Babcock	Third Base
Parkinson	Center Field
McLain	First Base
Sage	Left Field
Pullins	Pitch

The first game was played with Wolcott, at Wolcott. Rensselaer outplayed Wolcott all the way, and led up until the last inning, when Wolcott staged a rally and came out ahead by the score of six to five. Pullins pitched a great game of ball, allowing only three hits in seven innings, but Rensselaer's fielding was very ragged, due to a lack of practice. The team is confident of annexing the remaining games, and if Pullins continues to pitch winning ball, there is no doubt but what the team will come out of the kinks in their fielding, therefore we should have a good record to show for our baseball. The entire squad is as follows: McColly, second base; Phegley, right field; Kight, short stop; Dunlap, catch; Babcock, third base; Parkinson, center field; McLain, first base; Sage, left field; Pullins, pitch; Merica, utility O. F.; Randle, utility O. F.; Brusnahan, utility I. F.; Potts, utility O. F.; Thornton, utility O. F.



Top Row Left to Right Robinson, Wylie, Hanson, West, Harman, coach; Hebard, Clark, Kepner, Shaw. Lower Row—Left to Right—Bever, Penrod, Ulm, Healy, Reed, Rush, Stuart.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL 1917-18

Basket ball is the only form of extensive physical exercise offered to the girls of the high school.

Each year brings down to the gymnasium about the same number of girls for practice. No games with foreign teams were scheduled this year, but much enthusiasm and good results came from the inter-class contests in our own high school.

Faustine West, '18; Ora Kepner, '19; Ada Robinson, '19, and Annetta Hanson, '20, have supported the teams faithfully for the past three and four years.

Several of the underclassmen are giving promise of as much loyalty for the next few years.

MUSIC—ART—DRAMATICS

ART

By Grace E. Stover

"In every object there is inexhaustible meaning; the eye sees in it what the eye brings means of seeing." Because the above is true, we teach drawing that the eye may see all there is to see and that the hand may learn to execute correctly. Drawing is a language which all men of all ages and nationalities may speak—it requires no interpreter. Through this means one may express appearance of form and decoration, design as it applies to costume and the home, and the study of nature in all its forms and moods. Practical art education raises the standard of living and one of the great aims of today is to improve the environment of the world's masses. Since the history of art is the history of civilization, it is, therefore, the history of all that has been best in the lives of all peoples. We are striving to put this "best" within the reach of all.

MUSIC

By Grace E. Stover

Music, of all subjects in the school curriculum, represents most truly the thing for which it stands. Through musical notation, the real thing, exactly as it was conceived by the composer, can be reproduced—it can live again and again as long as there are instruments to play or voices to sing. Even though the master mind which conceived these wonderful ideas may long since have ceased to exist, trained fingers and voices may again call them into being for the enjoyment of others. It is to this end that we establish music courses in our schools. Some of our young people are capable of becoming producers who can give much pleasure to others, and our desire is to add to their culture and broaden their experience. Other students are qualified to join the ranks of listeners and our wish is to help them to become appreciative listeners so that music may bless both him who gives and who receives.



ORCHESTRA

Director: Grace E. Stover

Violin:

Michael Wagner
Ruth Wood
Byron Hemphill
Marie Healy
Sarah Alice O'Neill
Helen Halladay

Drums:

Harry McColly

Cornet:

Herbert Hammond
John Healy

Clarinet:

Paul Beam

Trombone:

W. F. Kratli

Piano:

Helen Parkinson



PLAY CAST

Tom Harrington, a Senior in college.....	Paul Beam
Reginald Black, Tom's chum.....	Harry McCollly
Byron Harrington, Tom's father.....	Jackson Freeland
Dulcie Harrington, Tom's sister.....	Elijaheth King
Dan Davenant, a rich western miner.....	Leonard Gourley
Marion Davenant, his daughter.....	Bernice Long
Widow Wiggins, landlady of boarding house.....	Opal Robinson
Ruth Thornton, her niece.....	Thelma Martindale
Professor Magee, professor at the college.....	Lawrence McLain
James Roberts, a Freshman in college.....	Jay Roth
Dawley, the town tough.....	Walter King
Widow McGuire, owner of a small store.....	Faunting West
Nugata, a maid servant.....	Elizabeth Witham
Three Freshmen.....	Paul Arnott, William Wasson, Paul Brusnahan

“A STRENUOUS LIFE”

Tom Harrington, the leading character, is the captain of the University of California football team and resides at Mrs. Wiggins' boarding house. While in pursuit of his athletics, he has neglected his work in certain classes. At the opening of the play, when he is about to be disciplined by the faculty for his shortcomings, he receives a note from his father, saying that he and his sister Dulcie are to visit him and see how well he has been doing. Now, since Tom has led his father to believe that he is an exemplary student, the situation is embarrassing. In the midst of all his concern, his father and sister arrive.

Tom's chum, Reginald Black, who is quite fond of Mrs. Wiggins' niece, Ruth, evolves a great plan of dressing some one to look like a professor and have that person tell Tom's father that his son is a splendid student. They impress a Freshman, James Roberts, for the purpose. Unfortunately, the name chosen is that of the new professor

expected to arrive—Professor James, of a rival university. And the newly created professor is taken for the real man who is expected.

Tom makes the best of this, but to his consternation, the real Professor James arrives on the scene and, in order to save himself, Tom is compelled to introduce him as a Freshman. It is then that the fun starts. There is an initiation of the real professor into a bogus fraternity and the troubles of the Freshman trying to act the part of the professor.

At the same time, Mr. Davenant, a rich old miner, and his daughter, Marion, a girl that Tom has made love to the night before at a ball, turns up and is enmeshed in the general tangle.

One embarrassing situation follows after another until at last Tom is cornered and forced to confess to his father his ability as a student. The little Jap saves Tom from being disinherited by the sole word which she can say, "yis." All ends well, Marion and Tom are to be wedded, as well as the old miner and Mrs. Wiggins.



FIFTY-NINE

DEPARTMENTS

INDUSTRIAL ARTS

Erville K. Keesling

In our Manual Training course we have two classes: The Freshman class or the class taking their first year's work in high school manual training, and the advanced class which has had one or more years of manual training work.

In the Freshman class we study the fundamental principles of tool processes and wood working. The student is taught how to handle, sharpen and take care of tools, joinery, finishing, staining and polishing.

The work of the advanced class consists largely of a review of the principles taught the previous year, with the addition of more difficult construction work and more attention being paid to the finishing processes.

Some elementary mechanical drawing is given throughout the course. Before beginning the construction of any project, each individual is required to make a working drawing of the project to be made.

HISTORY

Ann Younger

The History course offered by this department consists of three years work: Ancient, Medieval and Modern, and United States History and Civics. Two years of history work is compulsory.

In all our history work, we are trying to correlate the past with the present. In Ancient History our aim is to show how the development of art, science, literature and government has been handed down to us and the use we are making of it.

Medieval History, a study of the development of the nations of the eastern hemisphere, starts where Ancient History stops. Medieval History is more interesting now, perhaps, than ever before, because of the present war. Current events are correlated with this work.

United States History and Civics is usually taken up by Seniors. This is now taught in connection with civics. The aim of this course is to learn more of our country and to see how other nations have aided us. For the past several years old soldiers have given lectures on the Civil War, which have been highly instructive.

Each student is required to make maps, do outside reading, keep a note book and give reports from time to time. The Rensselaer Public Library furnishes us with plenty of material for outside work.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS

By Mabel C. Atwood

Household Arts includes all of the arts and sciences which center about homemaking, and the course is planned so as to meet the problems which confront the girl in the home.

The work begins in the sixth grade and continues through the Freshman year, then offered again in the Senior year. The work is elective and full credit is given as a high school subject.

In the high school, an effort is being made to offer to each girl electing the course, one year of domestic art, which includes the fundamental principles of hand sewing, various problems in garment making, dress design, care and repair of clothing and a study of textiles; also, one year of domestic science and household management, which includes experimental work in preparing recipes, the planning and service of meals, chemistry of foods and dietetics, household accounting and decoration.

A part of the work required in the Freshman year is the management of the lunch room, conducted for the benefit of the students. Two girls from the class are placed in charge, planning, preparing and serving the lunch each day.

Each class has heartily responded to the call for Red Cross work and much has been accomplished.

LATIN

By Grace Norris

"He who is ignorant of foreign languages, is ignorant of his own."

The knowledge of Latin was the only light of learning that burned steadily through the dark ages that followed the downfall of the Roman Empire. Latin was the common language of the scholars and remained so, even down to the days of Shakespeare. Even yet it is more nearly than any other tongue, the universal language of the learned. The life today is much nearer the life of ancient Rome than the lapse of centuries would lead one to suppose.

More than half of the words in the English dictionary are Latin, and we speak more or less Latin every day. For this reason, it is obvious that the knowledge of Latin not only leads to a more exact and effective use of our own language, but that it is of vital importance and of great practical value to any one preparing for a literary or professional career. Finally, it has been abundantly proved that there is no more effective means of strengthening the mind than by the earnest pursuit of this branch of learning.

AGRICULTURE

By Anna M. Harman

The Agricultural department of the high school has not been as prominent this year as in the past years or as prominent as we hope it will become in another year. Agricultural Botany is the only course given this year, due to the fact that so few elected Advanced Agriculture.

Since this community depends almost wholly upon agriculture and its products and so many of the young people attend agricultural colleges and universities, it is advisable to have such study in the high

school. Here the farmer boys and girls, as well as others, may see the attractiveness and also the essential features of such study.

Among the subjects emphasized are: The study of the seeds and growth of all the common crops, soils, forage crops, fertilizers, weed seeds, and the extermination of such weeds. Special emphasis is placed upon the scoring and judging of corn and the testing of seed corn. Farmers are encouraged to bring in corn to be tested.

This department can and should be the direct means of giving aid to the people of Jasper County if they support it. If ever our people need be awakened to the necessity of a more intensive as well as extensive study of agriculture, it surely must be at the present time, when food and its conservation are expected to save the country.

MATHEMATICS

By L. Waive Mallory

Since the publication of an earlier Chaos, we tried out the plan of offering a year and a half of algebra before beginning plane geometry. We did not find it as satisfactory and have returned to the old schedule of a year of algebra, a year of plane geometry, followed by a semester of algebra in the Junior year. Commercial arithmetic is offered the second semester and is open to Juniors and Seniors.

The introduction of tests, known as "Hurdles," in the teaching of algebra and commercial arithmetic, has produced some desirable results. After covering each topic, a series of tests of different degree of difficulty is given and the student is required to pass each one with a perfect grade before trying the next more difficult one.

Although the department is in favor of making the mathematics requirement two years of "Fusion" Mathematics, we are handicapped by having to use state-adopted texts, which do not provide for this. We still require two and one-half years for graduation, which is one-half year more than the general requirement of the state.

ENGLISH

Mabel A. Gregory

The English department has for its purpose certain definite aims. There are many occasions in life when one needs to express himself in clear, forceful English. For instance, how often one writes letters, or, in order to be a real force in the community, has the opportunity to address a body of people on certain occasions. Then, too, many a young person in high school has discovered his latent ability along literary lines and has, later, become a successful writer. In addition to this, how important it is that one should be able to grasp quickly and intelligently the thought of a printed page and express the same clearly and concisely in his own words. Furthermore, where can one get a better understanding of human nature, than understanding which will help to make him a success in dealing with men, than from a study of literature which portrays all types of humanity. This study should also develop character in the student himself, since the best literature sets forth the highest ideals of conduct and character, as well as showing how evil works to its own undoing. Aside from these practical and ethical values, how much real pleasure one who, in his high school days, has learned to love and appreciate the work of the masters, can derive, all his life, from reading them.

If the English department has had a fair degree of success in accomplishing these aims, its work will not have been in vain.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Gola H. Clevenger

The entry of the United States into the great world war, with the attendant demands upon the nation for clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers and typists to handle the immense volume of increased business, together with the vastly increased commercial demand, seems, in a measure, to have stimulated the enrollment in the Commercial department of the high school. The enrollment in typewriting has reached forty-two, in bookkeeping forty, and in phonography twenty-four.

The students have in practically all cases shown the spirit that is consistent with modern business methods, and have pursued their work with a zeal and a determination to win that is much to be lauded.

An effort has been made this year to more nearly bridge the much-criticized gap between the theory of the school room and the actual practice of the business world. Students from the shorthand class are sent to business offices in the city, where they receive dictation to be gotten out in letters. It is expected that we will make a study of book-keeping systems in use in the city if time permits.

Next year presents practically unlimited possibilities for this department, and it is assumed that the new term will be started with proper equipment for taking care of an even heavier enrollment than we have had this year.

CHEMISTRY

By W. F. Kratli

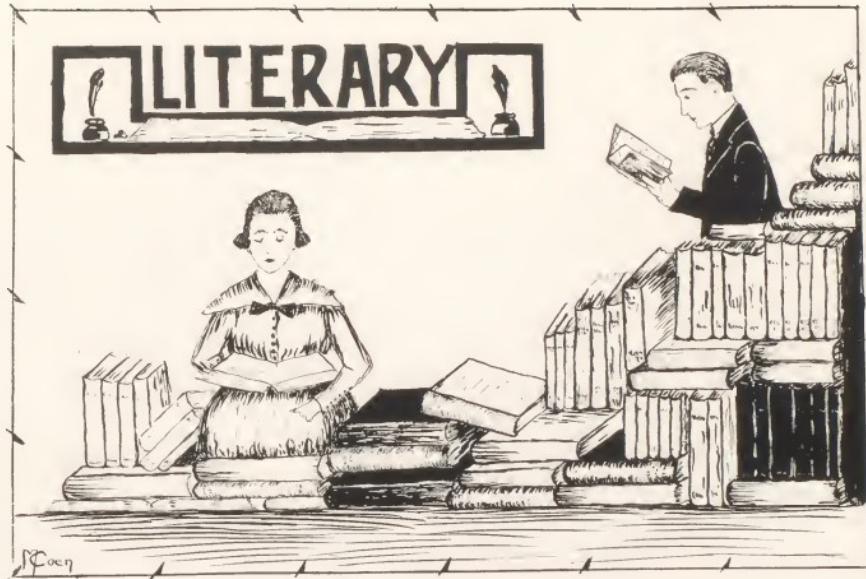
Chemistry is offered in the eleventh and twelfth years. For the past two years it has been a required subject. Beginning with the school year of 1918-1919, a choice may be made, the student electing chemistry or physics. Physics, however, will be offered as a twelfth year subject.

Boys and girls take the same work in recitation during the first semester. During the second semester there is a class for girls and a class for boys. The laboratory work throughout the entire year is individual.

Our aims in chemistry have been: To make clear many common everyday experiences; to acquaint the student with commercial applications to show necessity for scientific control of industries while in operation; to lay a basis for further scientific study; to establish a firmer faith in omnipotent control over life through matter.

GERMAN

C E N S O R E D — — — — —
Hurrah for Uncle Sam !!!



THE BOOMERANG

Carl Ritter, a young German horticulturist of New York, just recently naturalized, was busily packing a case of valuable bulbs, which were to be sent to Paris.

"Good afternoon!" Carl turned and saw, standing in the doorway, a man of medium size; dark, with piercing black eyes and a heavy black beard. Carl immediately recognized the man as one of the most active members of the "Black Cross," a secret organization of pro-Germans, to which he himself had two years before pledged his loyalty.

The man took a hasty survey of the room.

"Oh, ho! Whom have we here?" he asked, nodding toward a small photo on the little table.

"She is an American girl, to whom I am engaged," replied Carl, coolly, dismissing the subject.

"Well, Ritter, I suppose you haven't forgotten our recent meeting and know my reason for being here. I've brought this small satchel and in it—"

"Yes, I know," broke in Carl.

"Well, you are preparing a case of bulbs to go to Paris on the Winomac. As you know, it is suspected that this ship will carry ammunition for the allies."

"Yes," interrupted Carl, "and also American women and children."

"But what are the lives of a hundred American women and chil-

dren, compared with that of *one real German?*" As the man asked this, he glanced slyly at the picture on the table, then at Carl's face. Then he continued: "Of course, if you wish to break your oath to the society, I will go back and tell them that Carl Ritter is *not* a German, is not even a *man*, but *only* an American. I will tell them that he was only excited and did not mean what he said, when he swore we could depend upon him. Of course, Ritter, you know the penalty?" he added.

Carl seemed to ignore this last question.

"Yes," he admitted coldly, "I *was* excited, but I meant what I said. You may leave the satchel."

"That's right," said the man enthusiastically. "All you have to do, is bury the satchel under the bulbs. It will be set for a certain hour, and at that time—"

"Yes, yes, I know. Don't say any more. Good-afternoon."

The man realized that this was a dismissal, so leaving the little satchel, he took his leave.

At five o'clock, as was her custom, Kathryn Rayner came past Ritter's gardens on her way home from the hospital. She had almost completed her course in nurses' training, the work to which she felt she had been called. Kathryn and Carl had just become engaged, but no date had been set for the marriage. Kathryn felt that she must first finish her course and then if she were wanted, she could go across the ocean and do what she could "over there." And Carl was willing to wait "for, oh, ever so long," as Kathryn had told him.

On her way home she always stopped to see Carl at work. This day, as usual, she stopped and stood by the door to watch him. My! How proud she was of him! Everything he did seemed right.

As she watched him fasten the last plunk securely over the case of bulbs, she asked, "Carl, why do you strike so lightly? You usually drive nails in with one big pound."

"Why, you see these are very precious and valuable bulbs I am shipping, and I must be careful how I handle them."

"Of course. What a silly I am. I might have known you couldn't do anything the wrong way. But I must go now, Carl. I would love to stay longer with you if I could. Good-by!"

Carl watched her from the doorway until she had turned the corner, and still he stood there as if dreaming. How he loved her! He would do almost anything if Kathryn would but ask it.

That same evening Carl took his case of bulbs to the wharf where the Winomac was anchored, and superintended the loading of the bulbs himself. The captain of the Winomac was very kind, and told Carl he would see that the bulbs were kept in a cool place in the lower part of the ship.

"Why was this captain so kind? Could he suspect?" these were the questions which ran through Carl's mind.

The Winomac sailed proudly out of New York harbor. Carl went to his home. He sat by his little table, with his head in his hands, and watched the hands of the little clock. How swiftly they seemed to move! It was almost ten o'clock already, and at ten it was to happen. Carl waited. As the little clock chimed ten, he covered his ears with his hands. In spite of this, he heard the dull crash and he knew that his obligation to the "Black Cross" had been fulfilled. It was terrible, he knew, and yet why should he feel concerned about it? After all, it was nothing to him. With these thoughts he began to exercise a feeling of indifference.

The following morning the papers were full of the news of the terrible disaster of the Winomac. Carl Ritter did not even look at the papers but tore open the letter which the postman handed him. It read: Dearest Carl:

Just a brief note as I leave. Dr. Gregg has made up his corps of nurses to go to France, and I am among them. It all happened so quickly that I won't even have time to see you before we start. Will write again as soon as possible.

Your loving
Kathryn.

P. S. We sail on the Winomac.

That evening the dead body of Carl Ritter was found in his gardens. In his hand was an empty phial, with the words "Cyanide of Potassium" printed on the label.

--THELMA TILTON, '18.

MY CLASSMATES

When the twilight shadows deepen and I'm sad and all alone,
'Tis then I love to muse, on the faces of the friends that I have known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy, till, in shadowy design,
I behold the familiar faces of those old classmates of mine.
The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes,
And I sit alone in silence save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate, with my recollections and to vanish as if smoke.

'Tis a favorite retrospection for the thoughts that I recall,
Seem as real as the murmur of a distant waterfall.
And to dream those old dreams over is a luxury divine,
When my joyous fancy wanders to those old classmates of mine.
First, I hear, amid the silence, like a fluttering of wings,
A few soft strains of music, and Thelma, as she sings
Good old "Bola Bola," and sure it fairly seems,
To drift me even further in the harbor of my dreams.

Then I see in shadowy outline my chum Faustine of old,
Who added lots of "spice" and "pep" to every joke she told.
But suddenly she fades away, all those good times I must resign,

That I may greet another of those old classmates of mine.
A face of lily-beauty, with a form of airy grace,
Floats into my presence, as a genii from a vase,
And I gaze for most a minute to be sure I am not wrong,
For it surely does resemble my old classmate—Bernice Long.

I can see her once again, always happy, always jolly,
And close beside her stands her old partner—Harry McCollly.
And ah! between a written declaration that "as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump" he loved her, those old classmates of mine.
Next came Leonard, so faithful forever and a day,
And Elizabeth, his only choice until his darker hair was gray,
Then my other classmates followed, many hand in hand,
Seeming to be talking of the future they once planned,
Where the vines would be ever fruited and the weather ever fine,
And the birds would be ever singing for those old classmates of mine.

But, Ah! my dreams are broken by a step upon the stair
And the door was softly opened and my chum Faustine was there,
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To greet the living presence of an old classmate of mine.

HELEN PARKINSON, '18.

A Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing

"Oh, Father, I am invited to a dinner party tonight, do you think I'd ought to go?" asked Julia of her father one noon.

"Wa'll, I reckon I don't see no reason why yer orten't go," answered her father, unconcerned.

"Yes but you know it is at the Brown's and they are so stylish, I'm afraid I wouldn't know how to act."

"Why, of course, go on, you've got as much sence as any of them Browns. Jest do as the rest do, and," and here he thought a while, "and I'll tell ye what would be a good idear, spend your afternoon a readin' a dictionary. Use some big words that will outshine them all."

Julia liked the idea and spent her afternoon memorizing some big words from her dictionary.

When she arrived at the party she was met at the door by her hostess.

"Hello, it was splendidly uncongenial for you to invite me here," she said. Her hostess smiled. When she entered the room, the other

guests were already assembled. The hostess excused herself to the kitchen, Julia remembering her father's words, "do as the others do," also excused herself and went to the kitchen.

At the table, Julia was the center of attraction. "Yes, if you are philosophic enough to remonstrate upon the unseemliness of this terrible war, you are gaining the paths of the unconceived." A general titter went around the table after Julia's speech, but she thought they were pleased at her wit. "I have often thought of the unboundfulness of the small Universe we are now conversing," she added.

Everyone was asking what she meant, and in truth she was wondering the same thing herself.

When she left, she said to her hostess: "I have had a rapturous evening full to the ntmost of beautiful antiques and spellbound addresses."

Needless to say she was never again invited to the Browns.

ALICE WITHAM, '19.

R. H. S. DEGREES

Seniors:

Open my book and turn up the light,
For I must study lots more tonight,
We have examinations tomorrow,
And on these exams, I shall not borrow.

Juniors:

And next day go to class and try to bluff.
Than cramming one's head with that book stuff,
For they would rather be in an auto,
Is the Junior class motto,
I shall study no more tonight.
Close the book and dim the light,

Sophomores:

The day is in its coolest
When some studying they must do;
The night is in its hottest
For a dance they're invited to.

Freshmen:

The Freshmen so little have to do—
A sphere of simple green
With only evening dreams to brood,
Of a beau to entertain.

FAUSTINE WEST, '18.

THE GUEST OF HONOR

To most of the people of Bridgeport, it had always been a mystery just why Horace Channing, who had always been a favorite of men in the social world, had not been more of a business success in the Penrod Steel Works. Some thought, since Horace was a reserved sort of person, that he had met with some misfortune in business which he had kept entirely to himself. There was one person, however, who had the utmost faith in Horace and that person was no other than pretty Jeanette Linton, his fiancee.

One warm summer evening, Horace was taking dinner at the home of the Lintons. In the midst of the dinner, the servant announced a telephone call for Mr. Channing. Over the wire Horace was informed that a banquet was being held at the Hall to celebrate the appointment of a new general manager of the Penrod Steel Works and he was wanted as toastmaster for the occasion, since the speaker for the evening had not arrived. Hastily excusing himself to the Lintons, he made his way to the Bridgeport Banquet Hall.

On entering the Hall, Horace found the usual familiar faces of the prominent business men of the city. It had not occurred to him just who had been the lucky man to receive the appointment, but when introduced to the guest of honor, he recognized his former college chum, James Graham. Why had the two men acted so strangely when introduced? The introduction had forced an intense feeling into the very atmosphere of the Hall. Men were looking at one another with a silent question written on their faces, and what could it mean, but no one seemed to know.

At last, Channing rose to introduce the guest of honor.

"Gentlemen," he began, "we have here with us this evening a man who is nationally known, not only in the business world, but in the social world. A man who has always done his part when called upon and done it cheerfully and well. It is my pleasure to introduce this man, the guest of honor of the evening and my former college chum, James Graham."

Channing sat down expecting Mr. Graham to arise, but on looking at his former friend, he found him in a stupor. Seeing the condition of Graham, he arose again and asked them to sing the good old song of "Fellowship."

When this was finished, Mr. Graham had partly recovered himself and arose. His breath came in gasps and though his mouth was open, no sounds came forth. He seemed to be struggling with his better self—about what?—, no one seemed to know. At last his voice could be heard.

"Gentlemen and friends," he began, "it has come my time to make a confession. This man sitting by my side is a man far more worthy than I am of the position that has been offered me. In order to prove this, I must tell you of my earlier life. Channing and myself were once the best of friends. We went through high school and college together and both of us secured positions in the Penrod Steel Works. We climbed the ladder of success side by side until one day—Channing was offered a much higher position than I, but which would require a lie on his part to secure it. This he refused to do. When the position, with the same conditions, was offered me, I accepted it. During all these years, I have steadily climbed the ladder of success with that lie as a foundation, while this noble man has had to stand apparently stationary, when I might have explained things with a few words; but I was too cowardly to do so. Gentlemen, I'm sure you see his worthiness as well as I. Let's all arise and drink a toast to our beloved friend, Horace Channing."

The toast was drunk with a will while the great men of the city were shaking hands and congratulating Horace just as though he, himself were the guest of honor.

Little remains to be told, only that in the June paper was the announcement of a wedding of Mr. Horace Channing, general manager of the Penrod Steel Works, to Miss Jeanette Linton, of Bridgeport.

HELEN PARKINSON, '13.

“IF” I Gave the Senior Address

Oh Seniors! Oh Seniors! our pleasant tasks are done;
We have passed thru every class, the prize we sought is won;
The end is near, the cheers I hear, our parents are exulting.
While follow eyes this brilliant class as future they are facing.

But oh woe is mine!
Oh the pounding of my heart,
When on the stage I stand,
Ready to do my part.

The Seniors make their speeches a credit to the School,
They thank their faithful teachers, always is the rule;
The class is anchored safe and sound, its journey closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victorious come in with object won;
Exult, Oh teachers! your trials are o'er!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk from off the platform
Where I “forgot” what was to be said.

Oh Seniors! Oh Seniors! listen to the bells;
Oh list! for you the colors are flung, for you the signal trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths, for you the assembly's crowd-
ing;

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
But I! Your Speaker
Things swim round my head.
It is some dream that on the stage
I stand; as if dead.

ELIZABETH WITHAM, '18.

THE SUMMER BOARDER

Dorothy tripped merrily down the lane, with a milk pail on her arm. Dorothy always insisted that no one else should attend to the milking of her own pet cow. Dot lived with her Uncle John and she always had her own way in everything.

"This morning she sang a gay little tune as she ran along, twirling her pink sunbonnet.

"Hello, Dot!" called a clear voice from the next field. Dorothy did not need to look up to recognize the speaker, for she knew the voice. Tom Roberts and she had been neighbors all their lives. They had gone to the district school together ever since they had started in the first grade. And now, everybody considered Tom, Dorothy's sweetheart.

"Hello, Tom," returned Dot, waving her sunbonnet, whereupon each came half way, and they met at the fence for a little chat. Finally Dorothy said: "Well, I must hurry on, or my Betsy will never forgive me. And, Tom, I want you to come over a little while this evening, will you? Our summer boarder is coming today. His name is Mr. Maurice Elton, and he's from the city. I know he'll be just grand, although I've never seen him."

Tom readily accepted the invitation, and both went to their tasks with light hearts.

Now, Dorothy had been to the city for an extended visit with a relative, two summers before, and was thrilled with the life of the city. Naturally, the two weeks' stay of Mr. Elton, the wealthy city man, appealed.

That evening when Tom came, early as usual, Mr. Maurice Elton had just arrived. He was of medium height; had smooth, light hair, which he parted in the middle. He carried a monocle and wore patent leather pumps.

Tom was disappointed. He had expected to meet a man who would be an interesting companion, but this man didn't seem to appeal to him. Dot was delighted. Later in the evening, as she sat on the sofa beside Tom, she whispered: "Oh, Tom, isn't he just glorious?" Tom nodded, but said nothing, and soon he took his leave. From that minute on, Tom hated Mr. Maurice Elton, so he naturally stayed away.

The following Sunday morning Dorothy came to church with Mr. Elton. Tom came with Uncle Joe Benton. Uncle Joe was an old neighbor who worked on his farm six days a week and preached in the little country church on the seventh. Often on summer evenings Dot and Tom would walk over and sit on the porch and talk for hours with Uncle Joe and he had grown to love them. He noticed that Tom was troubled today, but he said nothing, although he understood what the matter was.

After church, Tom beckoned to Dorothy. "Dorothy, will you ride with me this afternoon?"

"I'm sorry, Tom, but I promised to show Maurice—Mr. Elton, the walnut grove by the river."

"But I wanted you to go Friday and you said—"

"I know, Tom, but Mr. Elton was telling me of his home in the city and—"

"Dot, don't you remember how we used to spend our Sunday afternoons before this Elton fellow came?"

"Yes, Tom, but you don't understand."

Tom turned abruptly and left. He knew that Dorothy and that city fellow had been seeing a great deal of each other, much more than was necessary, he thought. He had even heard a rumor that Dot and Mr. Elton were to be married, but this he refused to believe, even though he feared it was true. From that time on, Tom took to spending his evenings with Uncle Joe Benton, from whom he received the deepest sympathy.

Meanwhile, affairs were progressing at Dorothy's home, and arrangements were being made for a quiet wedding. Dorothy could not bear to break the news to Tom, so Uncle Joe promised her he would rid her of that burden.

The wedding day arrived. The ceremony was to take place in the evening. Early that morning, the household was up and about their various duties.

Dorothy's Uncle John handed Mr. Elton a milk pail, saying: "Well, sir, as long as you're going to be a member of the family, perhaps you won't mind helping out a bit with the chores this morning."

"Why-er-surely not," and the city man started out to milk. When

he came back, he carried a broken stool, a much battered milk pail, and was himself a sorry looking figure. Dorothy ran into the house to hide her laughter, yet she was a bit disappointed in Mr. Elton.

In the afternoon, Uncle John asked Elton to water the chickens. He said that Dot would certainly want to raise chickens, and he, Elton, might as well learn how. So Elton started for the chicken yard with a glass tumbler. Cautiously approaching the flock, he asked: "Do any of you chickens want a drink of water?"

Dorothy witnessed this scene. At first she was amused, then thoroughly disgusted. However, she said nothing.

A little while later Dorothy and Elton both disappeared. Uncle John thought they had gone for a walk, so he put the subject out of his mind.

About an hour later, Uncle John heard voices, and soon, in came Dorothy, Tom and Uncle Joe Benton. Dorothy and Tom were smiling happily. Uncle Joe's face was beaming.

"Congratulate me, Uncle John. Mr. Tom Roberts and I have just been married!"

"Why, bless you, my children! But where is that other poor fellow?"

"Oh, Mr. Elton? Why we saw him walking towards town, and Jack Connally picked him up. Wasn't it funny that we both woke up just in time?"

JOKES

"These jokes we publish are not untried experiments. They have stood the test of centuries, many having come over in the Ark."

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—One full-grown Cicero pony. Finder return to "Effie" Collins.

Miss Y.—"Has anyone here ever had anything to do with cultivating tobacco?"

Johnny K.—"Yes, I'm cultivating the habit."

The following was one of the questions asked in Commercial Geography "exam" by Mr. Dean:

"Name ten animals that live in the Artic Zone."

Frank Babcock answered it in this way: "Five polar bears and five seals. P. S. Permit me to say that the question does not specify that the animals should be of different species."

What will Russell Clarke do when pompadours go out of fashion? Perhaps Ernest Abbott could be persuaded to roost on the bristles until they would be parallel to his cranium.

Ira Huntington: One day Ira was seized with internal pains. He is so thin that we couldn't tell whether he had the back-ache or the stomach-ache.

"Sal" Harmon: What would happen if "Sal" were to have the St. Vitus dance and rheumatism all at the same time?

Mr. Keesling: Nerve messengers travel at the rate of nineteen feet per second. Faustine West stepped on Erville's toe last week and he hasn't found it out yet.

You know it is not what you know, you know, but what others think you know, that counts.

Miss G.: "Why were Wordsworth and Coleridge such good friends?"

Willard Zea: "Because they both had the same wife."

Mrs. W. F. K., in Chemistry: "What would happen if the atmosphere were saturated all the time, Forrest?"

Forrest M.: "It would make the price of raincoats go up."

When all my thinks in vain are thunk,
When all my winks in vain are wunk,
What saves me from an awful flunk?
My pony.

Teacher—"What important thing didn't exist a century ago?"
William Wason (A bright? Senior)—"Me."

"Who's your favorite author?"
"My father."
"Why, what does he write?"
"Checks."

"What course will you graduate in?"
Walter King—"In the course of time, I guess."

Miss Hart (after upsetting the alarm clock and dropping the window stick in the assembly)—"There is no need for any commotion in here."

Query—"What did she make one for, then?"

"They say Rensselaer is a dry town."
"Could you tell it from the 'Cases' in high school?"

Let this be your motto—"Tis better to flunk on Monday than to study on Sunday!"

SUCH IS LIFE

It was one of these houses you read about in stories, set back from the road, and nearly covered by vines. The yard had grown up in weeds, withal it was so solitary and desolate looking that the passerby unconsciously quickened his footsteps.

About one mile from this cottage was the village of Byron. The people were the good-friend sort, but were slightly superstitious.

One bright afternoon, Bill Jones, who boasted he was the bravest man in the village, sauntered down the main and only business street of Byron. He lazily placed himself upon a bench in front of the tavern. The door opened and Tom Brown, a young boy, apparently about eighteen years of age, stepped out. Upon seeing Bill, he came over and sat down.

"H'lo, Bill."

"Lo," lazily responded Bill.

"Say, Bill, did you know old Man Gray's house out north of town was haunted?"

"Huh?" asked Bill, his interest now aroused.

"Yes," said Tom. "Widow McGuire passed by there last night and she said she saw a lady in white glide out of the front door, but vanished when she came out in the moonlight."

"Well, I ain't afeared of no ghosts," boasted Bill.

"And," continued Tom, "James Weasel went there yesterday to pick some berries east of the house, and before he had half a bucket full, he heard such moans and groans, he dropped his bucket and dug for his life."

"Person 'ud think James had more sense," said Bill, "but them Weasels allus were cowards. Guess I'll go over to that house tonight myself. I'll show those ghosts a point or two."

Now Tom belonged to a club called the "Big Four," and as soon as he left Bill Jones, he went to their meeting place, down in a hollow, by a big tree. The other three boys were there when he arrived.

"Say, fellows," said Tom, "let's have some fun tonight."

"You're on," cried the other three.

With that they put their heads together and finally parted, each to their respective homes.

At about eleven o'clock that night Bill Jones started bravely down the road towards the "old Gray house." The wind had arisen and was chasing large black clouds across the sky. Occasionally, rumblings of distant thunder could be heard. To Bill the road had never seemed so deserted, and the night so dark.

At last he reached the house; a deathlike stillness hung over it, broken at intervals by the rumbling of thunder. Fishing in his pocket, he took out some matches, with which he was able to distinguish the

objects in the room. Upon a table in the corner was a badly battered lamp and near this table was the only chair in the room. These two pieces of furniture were all the room contained. Cobwebs stretched from one corner of the room to another.

After lighting the lamp, Bill sat down. "Nothin' to be feared of here," he exclaimed aloud. His voice echoed and re-echoed throughout the house.

Higher rose the wind, making long-drawn-out moans. The windows shook and a door banged somewhere in the house. Suddenly a faint wail, like the cry of a child, was heard.

"Wonder whut that was," thought Bill, "s'pose 'twas only the wind," he added trying to reassure himself.

Then for a while there was quiet, and the wind died down for a while. Bill became sleepy and decided to hunt for some place to sleep. Taking the lamp, he crossed the room and opened a door, peering cautiously in. Here he found a cot. He placed the lamp on a small shelf and lay down. About midnight, he was awakened by strange noises. The light had gone out, yet he could perceive a figure, robed in white, sitting in the corner; slowly the figure rose and weird strains of music could be heard, then he stretched out his arms, waved them thrice, and the music ceased.

Bill was numb with terror; he gazed terror-stricken at the apparition, cautiously he pulled a cover over his head and lay trembling from head to foot. He lay this way for some time and at last his curiosity became stronger than his fear and he peered out from under the cover, but to his surprise, the figure had vanished, but the door to an adjoining room stood open. While he was wondering at this, he noticed two spots of light gleaming out of the darkness. Cold chills chased each other up and down his spine. His hair stood up on his head. The eyes moved nearer and nearer and from the upper room issued a hideous shriek. Jumping to his feet, he burst through a door and ran through the yard, jumped the fence and started for Byron. At every step, he imagined he heard steps following him, which only added speed to his feet.

The next day the usual crowd collected around the tavern. The "Big Four" strolled slowly down the street. Noticing the crowd, they approached the tavern. There stood Bill Jones with his thumbs in his vest, his chest expanded, finishing a story of how he spent a night in the haunted house.

Tom winked slyly at the other three and they hurried by. On turning the corner, they convulsed with laughter. At last, Tom exclaimed: "Oh, boy! Wasn't it fun!"

ELIZABETH WITHAM, '18.

THE FACULTY'S FROLIC

It was a balmy day in autumn when the "fair sex" of the High School Faculty decided to lay aside the toils and cares of the weary day and devote themselves solely to some form of light amusement. Whereupon, after a heated discussion, they decided their amusement should take the form of a picnic, which was to be held at a little red brick school house on the south side of Rensselaer.

In order to conserve shoe leather, Miss Shedd donated the services of her Maxwell, and after due puffing and chugging, the party arrived at their destination. Regardless of bugs and ants, they spread their luncheon upon the ground and proceeded to devour the same with the aid of their fingers.

By the time they had finished, the twilight shadows were gathering,

and one of the teachers suggested that they play the good old game of "black-man," before they returned to town. Miss Mallory was just indulging in one of her famous spectacular runs when—suddenly a loud report of a gun was heard, followed by a commanding voice shouting "Hands up!" and the plaintive howling of a dog.

They all stopped in their tracks, then as if with one accord, they let out one whoop and frenzied shrieks rent the air.

No one ever knew whether they stopped to crank the car or not, but the little Sophomore who caused the disturbance, testifies that he knows which way they went, only by the cloud of dust which they left behind.

Contributed, '18.

TO THE SENIORS

Here's to the Seniors of R. H. S.
To the Seniors, every one.
To the Seniors, starting the ways of life,
Their High School duties done.

They're leaving after four short years,
So here's to their best success.
And here's to the joy and happiness
Of the Seniors of R. H. S.

THELMA TILTON, '18.

OLD R. H. S.

Thru thick and thin,
We'll stand by you,
Old R. H. S.,
Our friend.

Though doubts be ours,
We'll stay, not run,
Old R. H. S.,
Our Friend.

Through hours and days
And weeks and years,
You've helped us,
We'll help you.

Old R. H. S.,
You are the best,
Our friend,
Loyal and True.

MILDRED JONES, '19.

THE LAST PAGE FROM A SENIOR'S DIARY

Just think, this is the last day of my High School life. Today I must put you away, dear old Diary, in remembrance of those good old High School days.

Yes, it has been four years since I entered Rensselaer High, and yet, with all the hard studying and outside work that I have had to do, there have been many good times. I never can forget the building; everything seemed so strange and the "upperclassmen" so old and wise that I felt as if I never could look or act the part of a Senior. But now, since I have attained that long hoped for title, I seem no older or wiser than when a Freshman in '14. Oh! that Freshman class party in the "gym." I never, never can forget that. How the "upperclassmen" broke the "gym" door in trying to "swipe" the refreshments, and how they failed.

Then, next year I was a Sophomore, and things seemed to take a more interesting aspect. In this year came another class party, even more hilarious than the last. The boys all bought "long trousers," and how odd some of them looked and acted at first, just like a "kid" with a new gun.

Oh, Diary! remember the good old times I have recorded in you

of my Junior year, of parties, dances, and the gay whirl of society. How we worried about the Junior-Senior reception, which was thrust upon our shoulders, and to think the worry was all for nothing, for it surely was a success, both financially and socially.

Now, all my reminiscing brings me back to my Senior year, with the publication of the "Chaos," the reception, banquets and commencement. And I never can forget how hard our teams played in football and basketball seasons, and how hard we girls did "yell" for them. It all brings back a picture as vivid as though it were happening now, and with it comes that feeling, how can I ever leave dear old R. H. S.

But, then, think of all we have accomplished, and I am sure that the hard work and preparation spent on our course of study will more than doubly repay us. And many and many times we will not only be proud of the fact that we received a High School education, but also that we were graduates of the Rensselaer High School of 1918.

But, Diary, I must leave the old school, for they wouldn't think of having me another year, so farewell High School days, you will always be a bright spot on the shores of time in my life.

HELEN PARKINSON, '18.

MR. WINDLER CLEANS HOUSE

(A NEW FAD)

"Jacob," said Mrs. Windler one Sunday evening, "would you mind getting up early tomorrow morning?"

"What for?" he bellowed. "What have you got in your head now?"

"Tomorrow we are going to clean house, and I thought we would get a better start if we were up early."

"We! Who do you intend to have help you?"

"Our cook and Mrs. Smith. They are both good workers, and I think we can be through cleaning in four or five days."

"Four or five days? My goodness, woman, do you suppose I am going to have this house torn up for a week, no place to rest or smoke, and my meals late? Never!"

"Jacob, do be reasonable. You can——"

"Reasonable? Woman, what do you call reasonable? Tomorrow morning I shall be up at 3 o'clock and have all this house-cleaning done before I go to work."

"Jacob, do listen. You can't clean this house in——"

"But I said I was, and I am going to do it."

Mrs. Windler said no more, for she knew that it would be useless.

Whenever Mr. Windler decided to do something, he did it; that is to say, would try to.

He was up the next morning, dressed and downstairs at 3 o'clock. He had ransacked the garret for a pair of overalls, but had much difficulty in getting them on for they were too small, and he, being an extremely fat man, looked very comical. His gray patches of hair were brushed straight back, his sleeves were rolled up, and indeed he looked like a man ready to work, but not for house-cleaning.

No one was up at the Windler home at that early hour. The cook paid no attention to his numerous new fads, and Mrs. Windler was really afraid to come downstairs.

Mr. Windler, thinking it most convenient, started his cleaning in the parlor. He quickly shoved the piano into the dining room, and, taking the davenport, he gave it a yank. Crash——! What was that? "Oh, it's only that old bust of Caesar, and I don't care if it is broken. It's not hurt much, though," he said regretfully as he picked up the broken off nose and threw it out the window.

He had everything cleared out except the rug, and here his first difficulty presented itself. Only a few days before he had caught his

toes under a corner of the rug and fell, and for that reason had tacked it to the floor, the tacks being about two inches apart.

He searched the cellar until he found a hammer and succeeded in pulling up a few tacks from a corner of the rug. He then got hold of it and gave it a tremendous pull. "Rip, rip," went the rug, most of the tacks coming up with the rug, but a great number stayed in the floor, holding down bits of rug.

When this ripping process was finished he piled the rug up in the middle of the room, stretched himself, and glanced about the room with a look of approval on his face. "I guess I've got everything but those pictures," he said, "and I'll have to go fetch a step-ladder for them." As he rushed across the room towards the dining room, the cat rushed in, and Mr. Windler went sprawling to the floor. After he had recovered from the shock, he said a few things, then picked the cat up by the nap of her neck and sent it out after Caesar's nose.

He then proceeded down to the cellar. While walking across the cellar floor after the ladder, he stumbled and fell right into a gallon of red paint which he had upset while hunting for the hammer.

This accident did not turn him from his purpose. He was cleaning house (?) and he was going to get it done. He wiped the paint off his face as best he could on his shirt sleeve and soon found himself in the parlor with the step ladder on his shoulder.

He glanced about the room, then placed the ladder beneath his

mother-in-law's picture. "That most certainly comes first," he said, and gave two stout jerks and a yank. The wire which held the picture broke, the ladder tottered, and Mr. Windler found himself doubled on the piled-up rug.

It took him some time to fully appreciate his situation, but when he did he gave a war-whoop that would out-do any Indian that ever lived.

The carpet tacks were sticking his back unbearably, his head was battered by the falling step-ladder—he was desperate.

Just then Mrs. Windler (after hearing his yells) came downstairs, white and frightened, and grew still whiter when she saw Mr. Windler covered with what she took to be blood. She went near him. No, he most certainly was not dead, for he jumped up at the sight of her.

"You—you," he stammered, "what do you mean?" he glared at her.
"Why, Jacob, what—"

"Now don't you lie about it. You pulled this ladder from under me, you stabbed me with a dagger, you beat me, you tried to kill me, you want money and you tried to kill your poor, helpless husband to get it. Woman, you are fooled."

And then he gave her that oration which he knew so well. After repeating it three hundred and sixty-five days out of the year for ten years, "Woman, pack up your trunk this instant while I telegraph your father to come and get you."

LUCY MAUCK, '19.

DAILY CALENDAR

Young Man

If you ever expect to succeed, you must be economical.

No matter how small the sum
the boy or young man is re-
ceiving, he should always lay
aside a portion of his earnings.

The time to begin is NOW.

We Pay 4% on Time and Savings Deposits.

You are cordially invited to
make this bank your bank

The Trust and Savings Bank

Capital \$100,000.00

A Store for the Scholar

For Tablets
For Text Books
For Fountain Pens

For Kodaks
For Victrolas
For Sporting Goods

FOR REAL SERVICE

Fendig's Rexall Drug Store

Phone 67

Duvall Quality Shop

C. Earl Duvall

If its for the men and boys to wear
we have it. Everything
up-to-date in

Clothing and Furnishings

Phone 411

DAILY CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

3. Labor Day. Bells ring. Call to arms.
4. Seats assigned.
5. Freshies are still lost.
6. John Stockton, Freshman, falls down stairs.
7. Teachers begin in earnest.
11. Miss Harman arrives.
11. Class elections are held.
12. Miss Josephine Jones writes to Antoinette Donnelly, the beauty doctor.
13. Literary societies organized.
14. Rev. Strecker addresses school.
17. Blue Monday.
18. A whisky bottle is discovered in the old Chaos joke box.
19. E. Witham can't start the Dodge, so a messenger is sent P. D. Q. to the gym, and Leonard comes to the rescue.
20. High School Faculty prove insufficient, so Miss Martin-dale comes to aid.
21. Lenore Carr, giving book report: "And he was captured by the night caps" (White Caps).
24. Students march to train to see soldiers off.
25. Students are just getting settled.
26. Wm. Wasson in History: "Why, the law forbids the alienation of property to any one except male heirs" (heirs).
27. Fire drills. Students are ordered to go at least a block away from the school building. They do!
28. Hurrah! A month gone!
29. First football game. Kentland, 0; R. H. S., 0.

OCTOBER

1. P. Beam and H. McCollly fail to entertain the history class. Why? They're absent.
2. Josephine Jones receives correspondence from Antoinette Donnelly.
3. Savings Bank started. Commercial students are bankers. Is the money safe? Well—
4. Circus day. Regular school hours.
5. Helen Warner, in horror, announces to her Latin class that while in Chicago she saw a sign which read "Mary Jane rolls Here Every Day."
8. Blue Monday. Every one sleepy. No one has lessons.
9. Mr. Clevenger talks to students. He tells that while in

the West he was on the mountains where houses had to be chained to keep them there. Bernice Long wants to know why in the world they didn't chain *him* there, too.

10. Mr. Forster has H. P. moved to the front.
11. John Kershner takes a book home from school, but hastens to explain to his mother that it needed dusting.
12. St. Joseph students have a free day. Several pink excuses issued.
13. Football game. Morocco, 0; R. H. S., 0.
15. Six weeks tests.
16. More six weeks tests.
17. Report cards given out.
18. Long faces. A few report cards return.
19. A few more report cards return. H. S. Orchestra performs for the first time.
20. Football game. Kirklin, 13; R. H. S., 7.
22. Miss Gregory tells her English class that, to a woman, love is her whole existence; to a man, a mere incident. Does she get this from a book?
23. H. Parkinson removes her shoes. Students rush to windows.
24. Mr. Dean addresses school.
25. Mr. Krath makes a stirring speech, directed especially to the young men of the school.
26. Chaos staff elected. Oh, ye wise body!
27. Our first victory. Sheridan, 0; R. H. S., 2.
29. First snow. Boys make snow man in school yard. Passersby mistake it for our principal.
30. Lost: Brown, curly pompadour. Return to G. H. Clevenger. The Chaos Staff offers reward.
31. Too near vacation to work.

NOVEMBER

- 1 and 2. Vacation. Teachers' Institute at Indianapolis.
3. game. Hammond, 14; R. H. S., 6.
5. Rev. Strecker talks to school on Y. M. C. A. Boys sign pledges.
6. Lawrence McLain has an "idy" in Chemistry.
7. Miss Josephine Jones receives further instructions from Antoinette Donnelly.
8. Rev. Strecker makes another speech. More boys pledge \$10.

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Real Estate and Insurance

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9. Miss Gregory delivers the second of a series of sermons on "Love," by quoting: " 'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved."
10. Football game. Logansport, 13; R. H. S., 7.
12. Everybody feeling fine over the glorious football victory (?).
13. The High School Orchestra performs for Mr. Dimmert and the rest of the Grammar School children. P. Beam breaks his mouthpiece and S. O'Neill her E string.
14. V. Hill gets a long-needed haircut. Valerie says he likes to smell the barber's perfume.
15. B. Long walks over to bookkeeping alone. Where's Harry?
16. Miss Younger's History class recite from the Independent, the "Book of Snappy Stories."
17. Football game at Purdue. Kentland, 13; R. H. S., 7. Mr. Delos York goes to LaFayette the day before to arrange for the game (?).
19. The Dodge is frozen up. "Peeler" and Elizabeth are forced to walk to school.
20. Miss Shedd tells her German class that, for deportment, the pupils have two moves—one in the room and the other out.
21. Football game at Watseka. After several hours of meditation, Mr. Kratli permits a few to go. Score, Watseka, 0; R. H. S., 29.
22. Forrest Merica entertains the third hour English class with some foolishness and a few acrobatic stunts, much to the delight of Miss Gregory and the disgust of the students.
23. Walter Randle invests in a new overcoat and hat and makes a fashionable call in the fair city of Kent.
26. H. P. is so far advanced in shorthand that she thinks it useless to waste her time, and so she quits.
27. Mr. Smith addresses school on Federal Working Reserve for Boys.
28. First Literary program. Mr. Kratli bursts upon the scene and most gracefully informs the students that each person should occupy but one seat.
29. Turkey game. South Bend, 16; R. H. S., 0.
30. Vacation.

DECEMBER

3. Miss Gregory tells Faustine West that she reminds her of the character, Faust.

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4. Josephine Jones' instructions from Antonette Donnelly are multiplied.
 5. H. Parkinson gets her seat moved in history for the fourth time. Miss Younger's pet (?)
 6. In shorthand, Mr. Clevenger: "How do you make 'hay'?" Charles Halleck, promptly, "While the sun shines."
 7. H. P. receives a letter from St. Joe. She loses it in school and it is exposed to the bold gaze of the public.
 10. Military drill begins.
 11. Opal Robinson sports a new pair of spats. Pictures taken from Chaos.
 12. A small, harmless dog comes to school and creates quite a disturbance. Mr. Kratli capers up to the platform and informs us that this isn't the first pup that ever entered this building. Putting it pretty strong, isn't he?
 13. In history, Miss Younger tells Ernest Abbott to repeat, but he hesitates. Miss Younger: "Well, go ahead, Ernest, what you said was all right, but I couldn't hear a word of it." First basketball game. Brook, 7; R. H. S., 24.
 14. Miss Mallory asks her algebra class which they like better, algebra or geometry. Esther Kruse: "I like to 'jump at conclusions.' I don't like geometry, because you have to prove everything you say." Harold Sage: "She couldn't do that."
 17. Mr. Clevenger is "batching." He fried a chicken, but—well, we don't know who ate it. He didn't.
 18. Valrie Hill has his picture taken for Chaos. He refused to have it taken sooner on account of a swollen eye.
 19. The play "fizzled."
 20. "Christmas Carol," given by students, was at last successful.
- School closed for vacation.

JANUARY

2. The morning after all that happened before. Mr. Keesling arrives to take the place of Mr. Forster, who enlisted in the aviation corps.
3. Miss Younger giving a history exam.: "Now, I don't want any dates."
4. Miss Harman: "Bernice, this book has your name in it. It is yours?"
- B. J.: "No, ma'am. I have mine."
- E. W.: "I s'pose it's Harry's."

- Suddenly Harry bursts into the room and timidly asks, "Miss Harman, have you seen my book?"
7. Basketball game. Alumni, 11; R. H. S., 58.
 8. Mr. Kratli, from platform: "The Senior class meeting, which was to have been last evening, was postponed, owing to the fact that nobody met."
 9. Miss Younger, excitedly clapping her hands: "Now, I want this stopping talked!"
 10. Miss Younger gives Inez Kiplinger a pink excuse: "Now, Inez, I suppose you know what a pink excuse means?"
 - Inez, under her breath: "Oh, the devil!"
 - Miss Y.: "What?"
 - I. K.: "Oh, surely, Miss Younger, I'll make up the work." Note.—Inez was never known to think so quickly before.
 11. Basketball game at Reynolds. Reynolds, 16; R. H. S., 30.
 14. Snow-bound. Small attendance. All classes held. Mr. Clevenger and Lawrence McLain walk from Reynolds to Monon.
 15. Miss Younger and a few of the basketball boys arrive.
 16. Linnie Bird Raines: "My, don't we miss the country kids, tho?"
 17. Mr. Keesling: "Let's simplify this whispering."
 18. Freshmen give two scenes from Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. Paul Whitaker stars.
 21. The old system, with eight periods a day, goes back into effect.
 22. Basketball game. Chalmers, 23; R. H. S., 24.
 23. Miss Gregory: "Haven't you often read poems which personify phases of Nature?"
 - B. L.: "Yes, ma'am. They talk about the whispering of the leaves and—and the bark of the trees."
 24. Charles Halleck, that dashing young Senior, can't get down stairs fast enough, so he proceeds to fall down.
 25. Basketball game. Lowell, 13; R. H. S., 11.
 28. Miss Younger: "What district are Porten and Newton counties in?" (Porter and Newton.)
 29. High School Orchestra plays before the assembly.
 30. Faustine West, in English: "Two of the poets were Sheets and Kelly." (Keats and Shelly.)
 31. While collecting stage property for scenes from "S-rooge's Xmas," Mr. Kratli went into the Manual Training room and asked the boys if one of them would make him a tombstone. Clyde Tilton spoke up: "Sure, I will, if you promise to die right away."

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FEBRUARY

1. Such a noise! Everyone has a headache. Why? Ernest Abbott has a new pair of shoes, and you ought to see the color.
2. First day of Saturday school.
4. Mr. Keesling goes into Nowell's restaurant. Wm. Wasson: "Well, how's the kid this morning. Mr. Keesling: "Oh, I'm all right, thank you."
5. Patriotic meeting. Two speakers address school.
6. German books missing. Floor decorated with tallow.
7. Miss Younger: "Stuart, what is a demagogue?" Stuart Warren: "A school teacher."
8. Rensselaer High School Council of Defense is organized. Officers elected and committees appointed.
9. Game. West LaFayette, 26; R. H. S., 16.
11. Girls on Chaos Staff clean up the Chaos room. They also make a thorough inspection of the whole building and find several valuable pieces of furniture.
12. Lincoln Society gave a program.
13. Furniture missing from Chaos room. Ask Miss Mallory about it.
14. Miss Gregory: "Well, let's get at our assignment. What is it, Jackson? Jackson Freeland, suddenly awakened from his dreaming: "I didn't say a word."
15. Byron Hemphill asked Miss Harman for an excuse for an afternoon's absence. When asked the reason for his absence, Byron replied: "I was buying property." Miss Harman: "Real Estate?" B. H.: "No, I'm helping to conserve. I bought a hog."
16. Willard Zea laughs in English class. Miss Gregory: "A loud laugh bespoke a vacant mind."
18. Basketball game. Fair Oaks, 7; R. H. S., 35.
19. Leland Colling, during exam., whispers to Faustine West: "Say, what are the first ten commandments?" (Amendments.)
20. After hearing a thrilling love story in English, Faustine sighs wistfully and asked, "Have you any more of that kind?"
21. Senior play cast are selected.
22. St. Joe College boys are in town. Miss Harman issues excuses to Library.
23. Senior Themes are under way (?).
25. Members of the public speaking class deliver orations before the assembly.
26. Miss Younger informs the U. S. History class that it

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- matters little to her whether any of the members ever make successes in life or not.
27. Under the leadership of Miss Shedd, a Junior Red Cross was organized and the girls are knitting.
 28. Sophomore class meeting.

MARCH

1. Extra! Miss Mallory and Miss Harman have dates.
2. Miss Harman leaves Rensselaer High.
3. Miss Mallory leaves for Montana. We are all orphans now.
5. Miss Hart and Miss Taylor arrive.
6. The Public Speaking class are discussing the old pioneer days. Paul Bean whispers to Ira Huntington, "Say, Ira, have you ever been to a huskin' bee?" Ira drawls in his nasal twang, "No, I've never been to a huskin' bee, but I've been to a bumble bee." Good joke. Everybody laughs.
7. There was a young lady named Harman, She came to town from her farmin'. When she got here in Rensselaer She got to stewin' and the chicken house went to ruin. Note.—This poem was found on the water tower. It is dedicated to Miss Harman by one of the members of her Freshman Ag. class.
8. Wanted: Joke for Chaos.
9. The U. S. History class has organized a "Know Nothing Society," with Miss Younger as chairman.
11. Sophomore class party held in the gym. Theodore Amsler comes to school with shorn locks.
12. Big doin's. Staff meeting.
13. Walter King and Maude Reynolds have a collision.
14. Miss Mildred Jones has succeeded her sister, Josephine, in receiving correspondence from Antonette Donnelly.
15. More members are added to the "Know Nothing Society."
16. Freshmen give a literary program to celebrate "Green Day."
18. Frank Babcock was heard to remark that he didn't know what the Freshmen would do without Miss Mallory, because she always took such good care of them.
19. Senior class meeting.:
20. Faustine West is on a light diet.
21. Miss Younger: "Leland, can you give a current event? You surely saw a paper this morning, didn't you?" Leland Collins: "Well, I saw a Star this morning."

22. Freshman class party.
23. Staff meeting. Big business.
25. Rubbers staked in the hall.
26. Advanced chorus give a musicale for the benefit of the High School Red Cross.
27. Orchestra performs for assembly.
28. The "Know Nothing Society" is becoming a great organization. New members every day.
29. Rings and pins arrive.
30. Senior play cast have a grand smashup. It will surely be a great success.

APRIL

1. German books gone. No "April fool" joke this time.
2. Mr. Chapman addresses Public Speaking class on the subject of "Bonds."
3. Spring fever is becoming contagious.
4. Senior girls have a meeting to discuss commencement dresses. Shall it be \$5.50 or caps and gowns? The boys won't wear the gowns, so the \$5.50 plan is adopted.
5. Miss Mildred Jones receives a package, C. O. D., from Antonette Donnelly.
6. Oh, ye gods! Will this Saturday school never stop?
8. After a history exam., Harry McColly writes across the top of his paper, "Trust in the Lord." Miss Younger gives him 90, then writes, "You had better trust in the Lord again."
9. Miss Younger's favorite expression: "Paul, have you your excuse?"
10. Basketball game, Francesville, 20; R. H. S., 49.
11. Girls have a basketball game for the benefit of the Red Cross.
12. An epidemic is in High School. "Spring Fever."
13. Miss Y. asks Harry Mc. for his excuse. Harry replies, "Well, I haven't lit here, but I'll just tell you why I was absent. My mother lost a stove lid, and I had to sit on the hole to keep the smoke from coming out."
15. Basketball game, Lowell, 15; R. H. S., 17.
16. First Council of Defense program. Mrs. Hopkins and Mr. Hollingsworth address assembly.
17. Benefit show for Junior Red Cross.
18. Dorsey Kight acts as interpreter and explains the point to all Miss Younger's jokes.
19. Mr. Keesling's favorite expression: "The following people may report to 'Room 5' at 3:30."

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20. Basketball game. Reynolds, 12; R. H. S., 54.
22. Is Walter Randle losing his mind, or can't he find anyone to talk to him? At any rate he has acquired the awful habit of talking to himself.
23. High school students are very highly entertained. Miss Younger and Herbert Crowder indulge in a hand to hand combat.
24. Basketball game. Kentland, 20; R. H. S., 24.
Olive E., in Chemistry, "Oh, dear!"
Mr. Kratli: "Whom are you addressing, Olive?"
Olive, alarmed: "Oh, no one!"
25. Junior: "Say, Freshie, have you see Boo?"
Freshie: "Boo who?" (boo hoo.)
Junior: "There, little kid, don't cry."
Freshie: "Aw, gosh!"
26. There are meters iambic and meters trochaic,
There are meters in musical tone.
But the meter
That's sweeter
And neater,
Completer,
Is to meet'er
By moonlight—alone.
27. Class night.
28. Baccalaureate.
29. Chaos arrives. A "whoppin'" success. Best ever!
30. Senior picnic.

MAY

1. Senior play.
2. Senior play.
3. Commencement.
4. Reception.
6. Exit—the Seniors.

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